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THE TOLL-PAYERS.

Children, today made fatherless,
And mothers, mourning for your
sons,—

Oh, not from you in your distress
Is wrung in all its bitterness
The tribute of the guns.

You, who are young will soon forget
This tragic toll upon the road,
In happy years, undreamed of yet,
When you will reap without regret
The seed your fathers sowed.

And mothers, though you hide despair
Deep in your hearts, can you not smile
To show that you, whose sons could
dare
So greatly, can unflinching bear
Your burden for a while?

Men, who were young when you were
young,
Walk with you in your evening's
shade,
And as the dark with stars is hung
For light, you guard, like jewels strung,
Thoughts of the men you made.

Recalling for a little space
Your happy soldiers, not bereft
Of hope that they, in some fair place
Of peace, will welcome face to face
The mothers that they left.

But what remains to us, who knew
No memories they did not share,
The brothers and the boys who grew
Through days and years beside us, who
Were part of all we were?

For every light is quenched, that shone
For us, about Love's diadem,
And every hope we dreamed upon,
Our future, and our past, is gone
Into the dark with them.

And gazing on, the tumult clears,
Fades, and is gone,—and Life sur-
vives.
Unveiled by any mist of tears
We see the long and empty years
Of our unmenaced lives.

When Time will change us, until we
Shall be as strangers when we go
To greet our own, and though we see
Them look for us, we shall not be
The friends they used to know.

Alison Lindsay.

The Cornhill Magazine.

YOU.

If you no more should love me—you?
It takes my breath, a thought so
strange
As that aught earthly could your spirit
woo

To change!

Remote from doubt, I dwell secure
In faith all minor faiths above,
So do I trust, so live, in your
Incomparable love!

I laugh for joy to think how much
A question would your nature wrong,
Whom Heaven created, with a noble
touch,
So strong!

Nay, new-born, doubt for me were
over.

You will remain unchanged and true—
Not, not that I am I, my lover,
But just that you are you!

Florence Earle Coates.

The Athenaeum.

THE GOLDEN STAIR.

I built a golden stairway
To lead to Happiness,
A pleasant way, a fair way
Of Pleasure and Success.

I left the crowded highway
Of those who fought and failed,
For their way was not my way—
My stair was golden-railed!

But when I reached the gateway
That crowned my gilded stair,
I looked below—and straightway
My Happiness lay there!

Violet D. Chapman.

The Bookman.

AMERICA AND THE WAR.

A great deal of amazement and some indignation is often expressed by English people, who are unacquainted with those of the United States, at the leniency hitherto shown by the American Government towards the general brutality displayed by Germany in the conduct of the war. These feelings, which are shared by many Americans long resident in England and France have been enhanced by the deliberate murder of British and American citizens on the *Lusitania*, and their incidental destruction involved in the sinking of the *Falaba*, *Ancona*, *Persia*, and other ships. It is difficult for those of us who have some knowledge of the general trend of American thought and opinion and who can recall the extreme sensitiveness shown by America in the past at any slight on her national dignity or honor, to understand, and still more difficult to appreciate justly, the attitude of the President and people of America.

It is essential to grasp the fact that in the policy he has pursued the President has had not only the support but the gratitude of the large majority of United States citizens. Whatever foreign opinion, or domestic partisans or newspapers, may urge or say, the people of the United States, once so solicitous for their dignity, so thin-skinned where Europe was concerned for the welfare and safety of their nationals, are now grateful exceedingly to their President for the adoption and maintenance of so patient a policy, even though so little in consonance with their past tradition, and so greatly at variance with the earlier utterances of the President himself.

Fully to comprehend the situation, we must realize how at the commencement of the war it was quite a chance with which set of belligerents American

sympathy would ultimately rest. We are so much in the habit of speaking and thinking of our kinship with America that it comes to us as a shock when we are forced to realize, as we have been more than once in the history of the two countries, how diluted is the strain of Anglo-Saxon blood in the veins of the average American, and how slight is the temperamental affinity of the two peoples. We are fortunately on terms of intimate and friendly intercourse with great numbers of influential and cultivated Americans to whom the literature and the land of Britain come second only to that of their own country in affection and value. But to an even greater number in the United States, England is the hereditary—perhaps the only serious—bugbear, to whom nothing is due beyond the most even-handed justice. We are so familiar with the goodwill of this first class, that we are apt to overlook the doubt and mistrust of the second.

But whatever the suspicion or dislike that is, or was, entertained for England by a section of Americans, another member of the Entente, Russia, has for long been the object of almost universal obloquy and hatred in the States. It is not only that the Russian Government is held to be opposed in sentiment and ideals to everything sacred to Americans, but it lacks that supporting counterpoise from its own emigrants to which every other nation could look with confidence amongst its children in any censure by America. No emigrant from Russia brings with him to the States anything but abhorrence of the empire he left behind. The Jewish element, especially that connected with newspapers, is strong in America, and they had only too recent memories of Russian treatment of the Jews. They have taught that all friends of the Czar

are enemies of liberty, and therefore of the United States, the appointed guardian of universal freedom, national or individual. Germany on the other hand, the protagonist in the conflict, had strong claims on the affections and interest of the United States. A special, if ancient, treaty of amity bound her more than usually close by diplomatic ties. No efforts had been wanting on the part of the Kaiser or his family to supplement such ties. Mr. Roosevelt had been royally received at Berlin, Prince Henry of Russia in the States. The commercial relations between the countries were satisfactory and rapidly increasing. The German population in the States was a numerous, wealthy, compact organization, possessed of great moral as well as material position who deserved, as well as received, full credit for their thrift, industry, and success. Special pains had been taken to create and cement bonds for German and American culture, a constant interchange of duties between University professors succeeded in disseminating German thought and outlook throughout the States. The ground had been well prepared, and no friend of Germany had cause to doubt but that the crop would be satisfactory.

When we consider the problem thus, we see the enormous asset that France was to the other powers of the Entente, so far as American opinion was concerned. The friendship which dated from Lafayette and the glories of the War of Independence, had only once been interrupted by the incursion of Napoleon III into Mexico, and as the work of an Imperial interloper, that interruption hardly counted against the long tradition of Republic alliance. There was, in addition, the natural inclination which went out from the great Republican Commonwealth of America for the success of the only one of the great powers of Europe which enjoyed a similar democratic form of

Government to her own. So far as American goodwill was involved, it is almost impossible to over-value the importance of the French element in the Entente during the first few days of the war. England could not be so wrong as usual if France was with her. Imperial Germany could hardly retain a full measure of sympathy when it became apparent that she was trying to crush Republican France. The motives and methods of the war were still obscure, the size and consequences of the conflagration were underestimated, indifference to European quarrels and disturbances was the proper keynote, concentration on expansion at home was the real desideratum. Such were the reflections of many Americans who had given little previous thought to the matter. So far, then, as the United States took stock of what was occurring in Europe, sympathy at the outbreak of war was not unevenly distributed between the belligerent alliances.

This equalization of sympathy vanished, however, on the news of the invasion and systematic destruction of Belgium, though the full significance of German aims and methods took some time to penetrate the minds of even the best informed Americans. It seemed incredible that a nation so learned, so industrious, so self-dedicated to culture should have descended to atrocities attributable only to barbarous savages. Journalistic enterprise and exaggeration at first were credited with such accounts of outrage on Belgian persons and property as were not set down to the misrepresentation of Allied correspondents. It was even widely suspected that some sinister organization was intent on exploiting for the military benefit of the Allies, the sympathy with suffering, the hatred of wanton cruelty and oppression, and the kindness of heart which are such marked characteristics of the American people. Suspicion of this kind had some not

unreasonable grounds for its existence. The machinations of the German embassy, lately revealed to us, had already begun, and been noted by a ubiquitous press. German emissaries were evidently prepared to exploit the spirit and sentiment of German-Americanism with a view to intimidate both President and Congress, to control trade, to influence public opinion, and direct diplomacy. What, then, was more probable than that England should employ corresponding machinery to manipulate the press, and engage public goodwill. Such suspicions could not long continue in the absence of corroborative evidence, and as happily there was no foundation for such a belief, not even German ingenuity or malevolence attempted to impute action of this character to British influence. This negative testimony to the absence of a British paper campaign is the more valuable, because the German efforts at systematic propaganda by pamphlets—some of them admirably got up—through the press, or by means of scientific and other societies, have been as unremitting as they have been unsuccessful. Any tendency on our part to follow their example would have been positively harmful, and as a matter of fact, quite unnecessary. As soon as, and wherever the official pre-war correspondence between the Allies and the Central Powers became accessible to the American public, it was eagerly sought for, studied, and paragraph by paragraph, the despatches of the various powers were compared together. The American mind, which would have resented suggestion and resisted guidance, soon came to a decision on the facts, and unshepherded and unadvised was, and has remained convinced that Germany, through the medium of Austria, forced war on Europe, and in her hunt for success perpetrated abominations which will forever stain her name. I have said

that this view was accepted wherever the diplomatic correspondence became accessible, and it is this limitation which governs the whole American attitude. The United States are for politico-social purposes divided vertically rather than horizontally, and geography more than social or economic position determines the opinions of the average citizen. The widespread acceptance by the Eastern States of the wrongdoing of the German diplomatic and military authorities did not, therefore, involve a corresponding agreement in the Middle West, and still less in the Western States. In the East itself there was the greatest anxiety even amongst our warm well-wishers lest America should be entangled in European disputes. We must always remember that if the Monroe doctrine forbids Europe from interference in America, it also restrains America from intervention in Europe. That America must sympathize with Belgium, and that in a practical form, but that she should not participate in the struggle, was the formula generally agreed—at least up till the time of the *Lusitania* catastrophe, and was widely preached by the non-German press throughout the Eastern States.

In the Middle West, where the greatest industrial centers of the continent are congregated, and where the non and anti-British elements are most numerous and powerful, two factors militated against any active acceptance of the Eastern view. In the first place, the German racial element is numerically and socially in the ascendant. It was carefully organized, not only itself to believe in the righteousness of the German cause, but by every means in its power to spread that belief amongst non-German neighbors. A vigorous propaganda was at work, the German "case" was showered upon all and sundry, no one was too great or too small to escape receiving letters, pam-

phlets, journals, and resolutions heaped upon him in profusion. The very inaccuracies, omissions, and mistranslations in this literary campaign strengthened for the time the case it presented, since, as I have noted, there was no corresponding organization or distribution on the Allied side. The facilities for obtaining the Allied correspondence were not as great as in the East for those who desired to make an impartial study of the facts. It would, besides, have been almost too much to expect that others whose sympathies, either by descent or migration, were German, should have gone out of their way to seek evidence to refute their own predilections or convictions. In the second place, up to the time of the *Lusitania* tragedy, American interests were not, as regards life, directly involved, and as regards goods, the Allies were thought likely by their command of the sea to be more dangerous to American commercial interests than the Central powers. In the quarrel between European nations German-Americans could therefore plausibly allege to their neighbors that no evidence but that of the German Government need be examined, that this was convincing and decisive, that consequently there was no necessity to review their first and natural adherence to the German case and cause, and, since no American interests were at stake, support of Germany involved no renunciation of America. It was in soil such as this that the German Embassy planted its seed, and who can wonder that it should have borne the fruit that recent revelations have made clear to us.

It must not, however, be supposed that there were not many and striking exceptions to this attitude even in the heart of German-America. University professors, lecturers, judges, bankers, from all over this region have expressed, publicly and privately, their satis-

faction at obtaining first-hand reliable public and official documents dealing with the origin and inception of the war, and have acknowledged the influence such information had upon their own judgment as well as upon that of their fellows. The great newspapers in Chicago, while careful not to alienate their German clientele, always kept a warm corner in their hearts and columns for the Allies, an example followed by the press in Cleveland, St. Louis, and elsewhere.

The position in the Western States was somewhat different from that in the Middle West. Amongst them there is not much past history, there is in many places not a great deal of present interest, but there is an illimitable future, and it is upon this future that the West has concentrated all its attention. There is little time, and scanty desire, for information on European topics, and such desire as exists can either not be satisfied at all, or only be satisfied at the expense of truth. The people are dependent upon a press which, so far as it is well-informed, is largely hostile to the Allied cause, but which is chiefly remarkable for its want of any but local news, and for its chauvinistic provincialism. Behind the journalistic sense there is much occult German influence mainly dependent on bluff for its effect, and the attitude they have induced the greater part of the press to assume, in considerable measure corresponds with, or has been adopted by, a large proportion of the population. It may be described in a sentence. "The Western States of America are remote from Europe, the causes of the war there are difficult to comprehend, the truth as to aggression is impossible to arrive at, the evils attendant on this war are probably exaggerated, and the commission of brutalities is not confined to either party exclusively, whilst the issues do not touch American interests: mean-

while our domestic concerns must engage all our attention, there is such urgent need for construction here that we have no leisure to consider the rights or wrongs of destruction elsewhere: let us attend to our own affairs, and since there are two parties amongst us, we had best preserve a strict neutrality of speech and action which will save us the inconvenience of dispute and the trouble of research." Such an attitude and such a doctrine suit admirably the selfish and the indifferent who in any given community are usually in the majority, and when, in addition, it suited the purposes of an active and intelligent minority, it served many ends. It distorted and obscured the opinion of the most intelligent, observant, and independent section of the people in the Western States—it presented a false and misleading picture of the state of mind of a considerable portion, if not the actual majority, of the population, and it gave a valuable if negative support to the intrigues and manœuvres of the active partisans of Germany. It is even possible, moreover, that it has misled these latter into imagining sympathy where there was aversion, and indifference where there was hostility.

Such was the attitude of America generally, previous to the British blockade and the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It is no part of this article to justify the first of these events or to denounce the latter, since to the English mind no demonstration of either view is necessary. But to Americans of all shades of opinion both facts had this in common, that for the first time American interests were directly and vitally affected, and it was recognized that the American Government would eventually have to take a definite attitude towards them.

Here in England we have come to regard as axiomatic the possession of a Navy superior to that of any other

single Power and equal to that of any two. We differ from time to time as to the exact maintenance of this standard, but we do not dispute its necessity. Holding it essential to our safety, we expect the world to acquiesce in it without murmur, and fail to consider its effect on other, even friendly, Governments. But in America, where Dr. Dernburg has skilfully crystallized this axiom as "navalism," there has always been a tradition apprehensive of British overlordship. This tradition, derived and fostered by an interpretation of history which finds favor in their schools, unfortunately chiefly affects the native Americans amongst whom we find our best friends. It is not necessarily, or even usually, in evidence, but any friction, especially that caused by naval action on our part, will call it into prominence, and at once the theoretical article of faith becomes a question of national sentiment and expression with which both American and British Governments have to reckon.

The British blockade of Germany in retaliation for the plunder and starvation of Belgium, unquestionably aroused just this feeling in the States. The ordinary American, to whom law is a fetish, conceived his legal status in the courts of international law to be impugned—the great commercial interests, headed by the meat packers of Chicago and the cotton growers of the South, thought, or were led to think, their trade was in serious danger, and the general alarm and anxiety was carefully stimulated by German propaganda which saw an admirable opportunity to promote American action against England, which might even, with a little dexterity, be extended to the other members of the Entente. The agitation was not without considerable effect. Mr. Bryan was Secretary of State, and sympathetic to the complaints. The press, responsive to

national feeling—even those most cordial to us—took up the supposed international illegality of British action, and with all the zeal of amateur jurists demonstrated that the blockade, being illegal, was intolerable, whether or not it caused any material damage. We owe a great deal at this juncture to the conciliatory attitude and methods of the American Government, who met the judicious calm, and reasonable explanations and conduct of our Foreign Office at least half-way.

While all this was stirring public feeling in America, came the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Amongst a people always emotional and gradually awakening to the share that America seemed likely to be forced to take in the European conflict, there swept a wave of horror, indignation, grief, and anger which for the moment submerged all other considerations. German explanations and excuses, whether of domestic or foreign origin, were roughly brushed aside. A universal determination was expressed that, since 1,200 people, many of American citizenship, had been murdered in cold blood (for stories of warning by German friends to Americans intending to cross on the ship were everywhere current, and everywhere gained credence), the culprits must be found and the murders avenged. A deliberate massacre of innocent persons, perpetrated by the order of the same authority as wiped out the populations of Louvain and Dinant, should not be passed by. For a moment it looked as if America, shaken by an irresistible impulse, casting aside all the traditions of ostentatious aloofness from Europe, would demand instant and complete reparation for the atrocity, and failing to receive it would enforce her demand at the point of the sword. The President kept officially calm, and demanded, before taking action, a sincere expression of peni-

tence, apology, and reparation; and while the Administration waited, there came a curious revulsion of feeling. Owing, perhaps, to the many different sources of the nation's origin, there is inherent in the American character whenever in any international difference one of the disputants has particularly done violence to American rights or prejudices, producing thereby an outbreak of indignation and remonstrance, a sentiment that the other party to the quarrel is certain to take advantage of this outburst, itself to commit some yet more flagrant violation of American obligations and privileges. Actuated by this conviction, no sooner had the first blast of indignation at the *Lusitania* tragedy spent itself, than there came the reaction, and both people and press reminded themselves that, while the slaughter of American citizens was an offense which could not be condoned, yet the detention of goods and shipping passing between neutral ports, whether or not it led to confiscation, was a new and serious breach of international law and practice. They were almost certainly unaware that whatever might be the state of international law, the practice of the United States itself during their own Civil War was an exact precedent for our action in blockading Germany, through the medium of neutral territory. That the sentiment, whatever its moral value, was spontaneous and widespread can best be shown by two brief quotations from newspapers usually friendly to the Allies, and published, one in New York and the other in Philadelphia. "The Governments of London and Berlin are presuming upon American sympathy. They are not attempting to do justice, they are looking for sympathy. There is neither sympathy nor assistance for any belligerent that trespasses on the rights of the United States." The second quotation runs in an exactly

similar spirit: "When posterity comes to examine this question it must find that we took a stand with neither side, that we protested against the invasion of our rights by either without regard to the exigencies of their national peril." Herein breathes the true spirit of impartial neutrality, on which the only criticism that seems pertinent is, that, if both parties to a quarrel do you an injustice, and you side with neither, you will in all probability receive no reparation or attention from either of them.

Recent events seem to indicate that America is beginning to be of the same opinion. While the torpedoing of the *Persia* and *Ancona* have failed to arouse an expression of reprobation comparable to that produced by the destruction of the *Lusitania*, they have had a considerable and permanent effect upon public opinion in the States. They have confirmed the belief of those who hold that nothing but force will deter Germany (heedless of the loss of non-combatant or neutral life) from repeating the destruction of merchant shipping, whenever she finds it possible, or thinks it advantageous to do so. They have convinced others, who long hesitated to whom to assign the guilt of commencing the war, that Germany had deliberately planned aggression, and must be held responsible for the outbreak of war and all its attendant horrors. They have, in a sentence, largely increased the pro-Ally majority in the East, substantially reinforced its adherents in the Middle West, and strengthened the position of those in the West who, though numerous, have been restrained and cautious in their expression of opinion.

The loss of American life has not, however, converted the country to the necessity, or reconciled it to the prospect, of war with Germany; nor has it diverted attention from the inconvenience or alleged illegality of the

blockade by Great Britain. If the negotiations at present taking place between America and Germany eventuate in war, the part to be played by the American Army could in no way correspond to the importance of the United States. The number of regular troops is exceedingly small, and though there would probably be no limit to their numerical increase, it would be long before it could become a decisive factor in the field of battle. The Navy would be, no doubt, a welcome addition to the Allies, but it would be relegated to the same silent, though all-important, duties performed by the other fleets. Participation in the war could therefore yield no spectacular result which would justify so momentous a departure from the traditional isolation from Europe, or even compensate for the cost of military preparation on an adequate scale. The industrial and financial disturbance, moreover, would terminate that revival of commercial prosperity which has lately taken place in the States, and of which they undoubtedly are thinking far more than of diplomatic, legal, or ethical disputes of their own Government, or any other. There can be no doubt that the country will support the President in any action which he may feel compelled to take to vindicate the national honor or pride, and his action of the last few days, as well as his earlier speeches, make clear his intention to obtain satisfaction. How far electoral considerations enter into his calculations it is impossible to say, but they are important elements, and neither friend nor foe, Republican or Democrat, will allow him to forget them. If Germany persists in obduracy, and neither repudiates and punishes her agents, nor abandons her practices, American opinion could not, I believe, remain satisfied with a mere rupture of diplomatic relations, and whatever be the sacrifice involved, it will be

made unanimously and unsparingly. But meanwhile accommodation will be sought in every direction, and be welcomed in every quarter, to avert such a reversal of the nation's policy. It cannot be too often repeated that there is no desire for war, no party for war, nor will there be one. If, contrary to present expectation, Germany acknowledges her guilt, regrets her past policy, and promises atonement, then we may expect that swing of the pendulum of public opinion to which I have already drawn attention. If now we refrain from comment, advice, or criticism, we shall hereafter reap the reward of our silence. Should America escape conflict with Germany it will be because her contention as to her international rights in the matter of the life of her citizens has been accepted and satisfied. She will consider herself equally

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entitled to judgment where her international right of trading is concerned. Her success in the first instance will urge her to press her claims in the second case with her utmost persistence, and should immediate success fail to attend her representations to Great Britain, every word we now utter will be haled against us. The necessity for maintaining an impartial attitude will be put forward by the German-American influences, the Press will succumb to it, and the electoral agencies will pounce on it as so much grist to their mill. The deep-seated resolve of the United States to seek peace and ensue it determines within what limits the President can enforce national rights or uphold national honor; but within those limits, once the *Lusitania* is out of the way, the "Blockade" will move into the center of the stage.

C. Hobhouse.

WILFUL WASTE, WOEFUL WANT.

These days in which we are living are fat kind days, for such among us as have health and strength and fingers that we know how to use. Never before, since the world began, has so much money been dealt out here week by week in wages. Lads who, before the War, were glad to earn 5s. a week, are earning 20s. now, clamoring for more the while; girls, who then must content themselves with the veriest pittance, are paid their 35s. each when the "week-end" comes. Some of them, indeed, are paid their 60s. At Rochdale, little girls of thirteen were found, the other day, earning 19s. a week; while at Bridgend there are boys of fifteen earning 59s. A year ago casual laborers were well pleased when I could find work for them at 11.5s. a week; quite recently some Belgian casuals asked for and obtained, from their employer, 21. 5s; and there

are Englishmen of their class who are being paid at a higher rate even than they are. There are carmen, for instance, who have 41. a week; coal-heavers in Cumberland who have 41. 15s. As for skilled workers, some of them could keep motor-cars now, if they chose, so huge are their earnings. A very skilled furnace-man can clear from 101. to 121. a week; so can also a roll-turner; while there are steel smelters who can clear as much as 151. Nay, if rumor speak the truth for the once, there are smelters who are clearing 201. a week, 10001. a year and more.

Then, not only is hand-work of almost every sort better paid now than ever before, but it is more plentiful. For the first time in living folk's memory, there is more work to be done here in England than there are hands to do it. Practically no man who is

physically and mentally fit, need be unemployed, in this our day. Every man who is strong enough to work with his hands is sure of a well-paid job, providing he be willing to work with his hands, be willing, too, to learn how to work with them, if needs be, and to go where hand work is in demand. For years past I have been in fairly close touch with the wage-earning classes both in England and abroad; and never have I anywhere known such great prosperity, among these classes, as there is here today. And well may there be prosperity; for the national wage bill went up last year by many, many millions, how many no one knows, or perhaps ever will know.

Nor is it only the wage-earners themselves who are richer now than ever before; their mothers, sisters, and aunts are in the same happy state as they are, providing they have, and very many of them have, a soldier husband or son. For the separation allowance of a woman whose husband has joined the Army is, as a rule, quite as high as the allowance the said husband, when living at home, gave to her for her housekeeping and all other expenses. And whereas now he does not cost her a penny, then she had to spend on him, more often than not, the greater part of the money she had. For she had, of course, to house him, feed him, wash for him, had to "keep" him in fact; and, in most working-class families, the keeping of the man costs more than the keeping of his wife and children. Moreover, the separation allowances many women receive are actually much higher than any allowances they had when their husbands were at home. One woman whom I know has 24s. a week now, for herself and her children, and is living on it in great comfort. She had only half that sum before her husband became a soldier; and then life for her was a hard struggle, a long fight to make

both ends meet. Another woman, whose husband, a plasterer, earned high wages some weeks and no wages at all others, used often to say to me: "If only I could have a pound a week paid regular, I could do for my husband and children real well." Now that he is a Service man, she has 27s. a week paid regularly, and only herself and her children to "do for." She feels herself, therefore, quite wealthy; and so does the wife of every painter who is gone to the War, of every working man, indeed, whose calling is of the seasonal order. For, from the mother of a family's point of view a regular income of even 11. a week is better worth having than one much higher that fluctuates—that is some weeks 31. or 41., and others only a few shillings. As for the wives of the agricultural laborers who have become soldiers, they are richer even than other men's wives. For, to a woman who has never had more than 16s. or 18s. a week wherewith to provide her family, her husband included, with everything, with food, housing, firing, lights, clothes and soap, 24s., and no husband to provide for, spells wealth indeed.

Then, not only the wives of the soldiers who are married, but the mothers of those who are not, have more money—although only a little more—to spend now that there is war, than they ever had when there was peace. A woman whose son, when living with her, gave 14s. a week for his board and lodging, has now that he is at the war an allowance of 9s. 2d.; and her husband is earning good wages. And she can add to her means, if she chooses, by letting to a lodger the room in which her son used to sleep. Another woman, whose son gave her 12s. a week, is now receiving 8s. 6d.; and, as the cost of a man's keep is 8s. at least, she is better off now by 4s. 6d. than when she had him with her at home. Another again has a son who paid her only 8s. and who,

as he was "hearty" cost her, as she often assured me, more than he paid. For her, therefore, the 5s. 6d. she receives is pure gain; and she too, for the first time in her life, feels herself wealthy.

Now no one grudges these people their money. If they are richer now than ever before, they are working harder, it must be remembered, the men themselves, some of the women, and the other women's men folk. They are toiling and moiling in factories as they have never toiled and moiled before; or they are facing dangers and hardships abroad, such as soldiers have never before had to face. Life is a terrible business just now for workers and soldiers alike: they are putting forth their strength to the utmost, straining every nerve; and this they are doing, very many of them, less for the sake of the wages they earn than for the sake of their country, for the sake of giving it a helping hand. Far from grudging them their money, therefore, sorely as the State is in need of it, one feels inclined to be glad that they have it and spend it, to be glad that they know for the once what it is to have fat kine days. And even the churlish among us would be glad, very glad, were it not for the thought of the lean kine days by which the fat kine must inevitably be followed.

There will be ringing of bells when peace is proclaimed, flying of flags, and high festivities; and it is but fitting that there should be. For war is at best but "a wild wrong way of righting wrong," although the only way sometimes, and wrong must be righted. That it makes for good in the land, calls forth the best that is in every man, no one will deny. Still, even the most righteous and glorious of wars is a terrible scourge, one that entails suffering without end on victors and vanquished alike. Thus England will have good reason to rejoice when her great fight

is over, when her soldiers and sailors are no longer in danger, carrying their lives in their hands. And she will rejoice, with heart and soul, even though peace bring with it—and it seems to me that it must—greater trials for many men and still more women than war has ever brought, even though these trials be of a sort harder to bear than the trials war has brought.

"I've known fat sorrow in my time, and I've known lean," an old woman once remarked sadly. "They're both hard to bear, but lean sorrow is a sight harder to bear than fat."

In these, our fat kine days, it is fat sorrow of course that we are bearing, such of us as are wage-earners. It is sorrow with a halo around it, too, sorrow of which the sufferers are proud—which not only secures for them sympathy, but confers on them distinction. But when peace comes, our sorrow will be lean, sordid sorrow, sorrow without the glamour war now casts around it, without the enthusiasm that helps us to bear it. And we too shall find it "a sight harder to bear."

Even if the fat kine could remain fat, there would be good reason for keen anxiety as to what is becoming of all the money that is being dealt out in wages and bonuses, week by week; what has become of all those many millions that were added to the National Wage Bill last year. Still it is chiefly because they cannot remain fat, because they must—so far as I can see—dwindle away, become lean, nay, scraggy, that I have taken of late to trying to find out what the men and women who are earning more than ever before are doing with the extra money they are earning; what the wives and mothers of the soldiers, who are off at the War, are doing with the extra money they receive. Are they saving it, or are they spending it? If they are spending it, are they turning it to good account, or are they wasting it—just throwing it

out of the windows, as it were? For on what they are doing with it much will depend when the War is over.

I was anxious to obtain positive proof that a fair proportion of this money was saved last year, and is now safely invested as a provision against the ills the future may bring. And I have spent much time trying to obtain it; but, as I soon found, there were, and are, difficulties in the way. We all know, of course, that a certain amount of money, some 1,413,000*l.*, was invested last year in the War Loan through Post Office vouchers; and 3,991,000*l.* more through 5*l.* scrip; and this certainly points to working-class savings. These savings, however, it must be remembered, are not necessarily last year's savings. They, as the other subscriptions to the War Loan through the Post Office, may be the savings of previous years, transferred from other investments or deposit accounts to the Loan. That this is the case with regard to much of the money, indeed, there is strong evidence. For between May and December last year the deposits in the Post Office Savings Banks were reduced by nearly thirteen millions; and in the Trustee Banks by three and a quarter millions.

Nor is there anything to show that the investors were wage-earners. They might, for anything known to the contrary, be small traders, teachers, curates, or even medical students, eager to lend their mite to their country in its hour of need. Among the people who flocked to the Post Office last January to buy 5*l.* Exchequer Bonds, it was certainly the lower middle class that predominated. In the large factories where there was some one all ready, when wages were paid, to hand over, there and then, vouchers and bonds in return for cash, many working men did undoubtedly invest money in the War Loan; but for every one who did, there were many who did not.

In one workshop, out of 120 men, only three could be induced to buy a voucher. Of the wage-earners whom I know personally—and I know a fairly large number—not one has bought a 5*l.* Exchequer Bond; while only one, and he a sailor, has bought a War Loan voucher. Yet these bonds and vouchers were issued for the express purpose of attracting wage-earners, of inducing them to save and lend their savings to the State.

Then there was certainly no great rush to the Savings Banks last year, no great extension of business on the part of Provident Societies, Building Societies, or other societies that seek to promote thrift. In May, 1914—that is before the War began, and with it the rise in wages—the deposits in the Post Office banks amounted to 190,740,000*l.*, and the stock investments to 26,390,000*l.* By December 1915, the deposits, which by May had risen to 198,750,000*l.*, had fallen to 185,790,000*l.*, and the Stock investments to 24,130,000*l.* These figures, however, prove practically nothing, so far as wage-earners' savings are concerned; for, as money in the Post Office bears only 2½ per cent interest, they who owned it had last year a strong inducement to withdraw it, and invest it in the 4½ per cent War Loan. Moreover, Post Office banks are far from being exclusively wage-earners' banks. Children of all classes, from Royalty downwards, put into them their savings. So do many alone-standing ladies; many of the shabby genteel, too.

With regard to most of the Trustee Savings Banks, which are in many towns the wage-earners' special banks, no precise statistics for last year can yet be obtained. Certain of these banks did undoubtedly extend their business in the course of the year. There was an increase in the number of their depositors, as well as in the amount of their deposits. This was notably the

case in Yorkshire. Still, almost without exception, the increase was not very large, not so large as even the cautious had anticipated that it would be. And as it was with the banks so was it with the National Deposit Society. In no single bank that I have heard of was the increase in the amount of the deposits anything like proportionate to the increase in the amount of the wages received locally, even allowing for the added cost of living. And in many banks there was no increase at all; in some, indeed, there was a decrease. There are Savings Banks that have fewer clients today than they had three years ago. Even among the collecting banks, although they as a whole did well last year, there were some that did badly. One lady collector for a large district declares that she finds it more difficult now to obtain the pennies she collects than she ever did before.

As for Building Societies, I have failed to find one that increased the number of its clients abnormally last year. Excepting in some few districts—Poplar for one—the tendency was for the number to decrease rather than increase. The Secretary of the Hearts of Oak Building Society assured me that he saw no signs of any special laying aside of money last year for the purpose of building houses when the War is over. According to him—and he can speak on the subject with authority—the average workingman is less eager now to own the house in which he lives than he was ten years ago, less inclined to pinch and save that he may own it. The Secretary of the Temperance Building Society, who can also speak with authority, informed me that there was nothing in the records of Building Societies that pointed to any increase in thrift last year, any extra savings being made. So far as I can judge, the only Provident Societies that were unusually prosperous last year were the

Co-operative Distributing Societies. Some of these did a huge business, their turnover being much larger than in previous years. Not that they had any great influx of new members. Their prosperity seems to have been due, in a great measure, to the fact that their old members, having more money than usual, wherewith to buy, did actually buy more, much more. As this, however, means more spending, with the best will in the world I can hardly advance it as evidence of saving.

Banks and Provident Societies having failed me in my search for proof that anything very great in the way of saving was done last year, I turned for help to certain experts in the subject, who for years have been trying to induce us all to be thrifty.

"Did you see any special signs of thrift on the part of the wage-earners last year, anything to indicate that they were saving more money than usual?" I asked them each in turn.

"They who saved in the days when wages were low, save now when they are high; and they who didn't, don't." That was practically the answer I had in every case.

"There is not much evidence of new thrift, but rather of an increase of thrift on the part of those who have previously been of a thrifty nature," I was told by one expert. "Those in whose minds habits of thrift had been inculcated, while wages were low, are undoubtedly more thrifty now, when wages are high," I was told by another. According to him, the workers who began saving last year were so few in number as to be negligible; and their savings were negligible in amount.

"We cannot find much inclination to save on the part of many who did not save before, although they have now for some time been able to earn high wages," an official of great experience assured me. Another official did, it is true tell a different tale. "I consider tha'

a fair amount of quiet saving is going on among the industrial classes here," he declared. But then he was speaking of Sheffield, where thrift is a tradition; and even he felt bound to add: "There are many cases of extravagance, no doubt."

Judging by my own experiences, it all depends on the woman. If a man has a thrifty wife, she saves, and very often he saves too, no matter how small be his earnings. If she is a spend-thrift, so is he. It is she who has the spending of most of the money. She is the purse-bearer more often than not, for she does the catering; she even buys her husband's clothes sometimes. It is very hard, therefore, for a working man to save unless his wife helps him, although many a woman saves without any help from her husband. For, luckily, women are by nature more inclined to save than men. Before the War it was calculated that only some 10 per cent of the whole population of England made any real attempt to save; and I very much doubt whether the percentage of savers is higher now than it was then. I should be inclined to say that it is just about the same now as it was then; and that the people who save now are the same practically as they who saved then, the only difference being that many of them can and do now save much more than they could then. Some few of the working men and women whom I know opened accounts in Savings Banks last year; and some few, very few, became members of Provident Societies; but of those who did so, almost all would have done so had the War never come to add to their earnings. For they were all trying to save in their poorer days, they all had something, if only a trifle, put by for a rainy day. The great majority of my wage-earning friends and acquaintances, however, have not opened accounts anywhere, have not become members of any society, nor

have they bought stocks, shares, or bonds. They have made no investment of any sort, indeed, unless it be in clothing, jewelry, or furniture.

This in itself is, of course, no proof that they have not made savings; for there are still folk who like to keep any money they have within easy reach, in an old stocking, in a mattress, or in a hole in the floor perhaps. It is fairly strong proof, however, that the savings they have made are not great. And I have no reason to suppose that the wage-earners whom I know are less provident than other wage-earners. So far as I can ascertain the great majority of these people are making no provision at all, in these fat kine days, against the lean kine days that are coming. They spent week by week, last year, the money they received; just as, in previous years, they spent week by week their money. And as it was last year, so is it this. The families that in their poorer days were always behindhand with their rent, are behindhand with it still. They still find money running short when Tuesday night comes round, just as they found it in their low wage days. I heard of a man, the other day, who, when he was earning 2*l.* a week, always applied for a "sub" on Wednesday; and now that he is earning 6*l.* he applies for one still, on the very same day. Whether anything would induce them to save is, of course, a moot point. I, for my part, am inclined to think that some of them who do not save would save if saving were made more easy for them; if they could invest their money without signing papers, filling in forms, or being called upon to understand why 15*s.* 6*d.* becomes 20*s.*, if, in fact, they could buy War Loan vouchers as easily as they can buy a bottle of whisky. In a district where factories abound, 800 summonses were issued on one day, a few weeks ago, against persons who had not paid their rates.

Although most of the workers are undoubtedly spending the extra money they are earning, it does not necessarily follow that they are therefore wasting it. A considerable portion of it they spend because they must, it is well to note. They have no alternative. The veriest miser must spend more on his food now than he ever spent before, if he wish to keep body and soul together. There has been a great increase in the cost of living since the War began. It was inevitable that there should be. The price of food has risen necessarily everywhere; and, unfortunately, it has also risen unnecessarily, almost everywhere.

"You must be making higher profits than you ever made in your life before," I remarked one day to a provider of light refreshments.

She smiled good humoredly; and, being a truthful woman, she promptly replied, "Yes, we are."

She was carrying on a large trade in little cups of coffee, and she had just raised their price from 3d. a cup to 4d., because, as she explained, the Government had put a tax of an extra penny a pound on coffee. Out of a pound of coffee, however, she makes some seventy little cups, and on each of these she now clears one penny, in addition to the two pence or more she cleared before the tax was raised. Thus the increase in the tax, which brings to the Exchequer one penny for each pound of coffee sold, brings to her seventy pennies for each pound of coffee she buys. One of these pennies goes to defray the extra price of the coffee, nine more, perhaps, to defray the extra cost of the milk and sugar, while the remaining sixty go into her own pocket. The extra tax on coffee, due to the country's being at war, means for her, therefore, a rise of 5s. in the profit she clears on each pound of coffee she buys.

This woman does not cater, it is true, or wage-earners; but many of the small

traders who do, conduct their businesses on the same lines as she conducts hers. There has been a greater rise comparatively in the price of provisions in poor districts than in rich. Folk who buy coal by the cwt. always pay for it a much higher price than folk who buy it by the ton; and outside London the difference is greater now than ever. And as it is with coal, so is it with everything. Matches which before the War were sold at three-halfpence the packet are now sold, in some mean streets, at fourpence. This is why life is so terribly hard just now for alone-standing old-age pensioners, for all the alone-standing, indeed, who have limited means, and who are too old, or too feeble, to do strenuous work. Even the thriftiest of housewives must spend more now than she used to spend, unless she lowers her standard of living; and the average housewife of the wage-earning class, far from lowering her standard, has of late raised it very considerably. Of that, a glance at her face and the faces of her children is a proof. Never before have we had in our streets so many children that look well fed. Why, even little waifs and strays are quite chubby, some of them now. The London County Council School Authorities had only some 13,000 of their charges to feed last winter, whereas they had eight times as many some other winters. Most of those whom they used to feed have good dinners at home now every day, or at some pastry-cook's; and at that we must all rejoice for the nation's sake as well as the children's. For it may mean strong men and women in the days to come, and the nation will have need of the strong. Still, while rejoicing, one cannot but wish that the dinners were a little less costly.

During the last year a wonderful change has come over the way in which many working class families live. Even in some of the houses where

tinned beef or snacks used to be the dinner for the men, bread with jam or dripping, potatoes, and tea for the women and children—rump steak, roast beef, mutton or pork is served now every day, whether the man is there or not, with a goose perhaps, or even a turkey, on Sundays. There are sausages, kidneys with bacon, or bloaters, for breakfast now; eggs for tea, cakes and pastry with every meal; and all sorts of dishes for supper. And, as a rule, everything is of the first quality, so far as the ingredients go; for the best cuts and the birds, that the professional classes can no longer afford to buy, are bought up now by the workers. It is they who now live on the fat of the land. Why, on the money they some of them spend on food they might live, as they would say, "like fighting cocks," if only their wives knew how to cater, knew how to cook. Unluckily many of their wives have no more notion of either catering, or cooking, than they have of piloting an aeroplane. The greater part of the money they spend on food is therefore wasted; for even game is not worth eating if burnt or left underdone. The great mass of the workers are now well fed, or at any rate they have good food in abundance; and they ought to be well fed, working hard as they do. They might, however, be much better fed than they are, they and their families with them, at one-third the cost, were it not for the woeful waste that is going on in their houses. A canny Yorkshire housewife's hair would stand straight on end were she to see the reckless fashion in which money is being lavished on the buying of food, by many working class women, in Lancashire, the Midlands, and down South.

It is sheer waste, surely wicked waste in such times as these, for anyone to give fresh eggs at $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ each to sturdy, hearty school children; to feed whole families on rump steak at 2s.

a pound, when they might be equally well fed on stewing beef at 9d., or neck of mutton at 10d.; or to buy salmon for them at 4s. a pound. It is something worse than waste to ply children with cakes and pastry at all hours, and to let them revel in sweets whenever the fancy seizes them. Yet this is the sort of thing that is going on in many working-class families; and this is the sort of thing that swallowed up a considerable portion of the extra money that was earned last year.

Then it is not only on food that many wage-earners are now spending much more than they used to spend. They are spending more also on clothing. Thousands of children who, two years ago, were very poorly clad, are well supplied with clothes today; thousands too, whose toes were rarely covered, are now well shod. It is a pleasure to see them now trooping off to school, so many of them are dressed well; and it would be a greater pleasure still, were they all in clothes that would wear well, in shoes that were not dainty. But as it is with food, so is it with clothing; much of the money that is being spent on it is being wasted through heedless spending. In Edinburgh, as soon as wages were raised, many working women promptly set to work to save up to buy blankets and bed linen; many girls to buy materials for the making of underclothing. In London, as in Nottingham, Leeds, Manchester, and elsewhere in England, women and girls alike—not all, of course, but many—straightway turned their thoughts to the buying of furs, feathers and jewelry, when extra money began to come in; and took to frequenting sales. There are folk who used to wear second-hand ulsters the whole year round, who were arrayed last winter in fur coats that must have cost ten or twelve guineas; and they will no doubt be arrayed in lace and chiffon when summer comes round. Some who used to wear little

shawls on their heads, now wear, on Sundays, hats with feathers that "weg," and have everything to match. What they strive for now is to have clothes that are rich not gaudy; for their taste has improved marvelously since they begin to frequent expensive shops.

They are dressing up their houses now as well as themselves, and in much the same fashion. There has been a great run on gramophones since the War began, a lesser run on pianos; while smart table cloths and curtains are much in demand. Then a considerable quantity of furniture has been bought of late, especially furniture of the showy order, brass bedsteads, for instance. In this way too much money has gone, although not so much as in jewelry.

A jeweler, who has had a shop for fifty years, told me recently that he did more business last year than he had ever done in any previous year: he had sold more ornaments of every sort, and especially more wedding rings, heavy gold brooches, and necklaces. Other jewelers were equally prosperous, I find. Curiously enough it is the thrifty, as a rule, who buy good jewelry. The thriftless buy only sham. Many women who look askance on paper money, because it can be burned, pin their faith to rings and necklaces as a safe investment for their earnings. They carry these things about with them night and day; and thus, as they hold, can never be quite stranded, no matter how many raids there may be. Many of the girls who buy wedding rings go alone to buy them, and frankly admit that they are not engaged, are not even "walking out," that they are, in fact, buying them as an investment—just as they would buy War Loan vouchers, were they to be had in metal instead of paper.

How much more money than usual was spent last year on drink is not yet known, although it is known that considerably more was spent, in spite

of all the efforts that were made to prevent it. For, during the first six months of last year, 8,000,000*l.* more was spent than during the first six months of 1914, this although the price of beer and spirit remained unchanged. Nearly 9,000,000*l.* more was spent, indeed, if the expenditure on spirit and beer alone be counted; for the expenditure on wine was actually less by 906,000*l.* Then in November, 1914, 810,000 gallons of spirit were cleared from the London Bond Houses; and last November 919,000 gallons were cleared, an increase of 109,000 gallons in one month. No statistics are needed, however, to prove that, even though convictions for drunkenness are decreasing, the drinking of spirits was on the increase last year, and is on the increase still: one's own eyes, ears and noses are proof enough of that. I have seen more drunkenness in railway carriages, railway stations, and even in public streets, during the last six months than I ever saw in England during any other six months. And in almost every case there was a whisky bottle somewhere about, in the keeping of a woman as a rule. Our temperance authorities must be the veriest Bourbons or never would they, with the experiences of Norway, Sweden, and Finland before their eyes, have decreed that the man—or woman—whose heart is set on having a noggin of whisky in his pocket, must buy a whole quart.

A large portion of the extra money that was earned last year went undoubtedly in food, clothing, furniture, jewelry, and drink. A larger portion of it, however, than went in any one of the five, went, I am fairly sure, in pocket money; it was just "swattered" away, even its owners not knowing what became of it.

A very respectable woman said to me casually, the other day, "I really haven't a notion where the money gets to. I don't seem as if I could keep a penny in

my pocket." That woman's husband is earning more than twice as much as he earned two years ago, and she has besides his wages a liberal allowance from her son, who is a soldier.

A lad, who does not look twelve, although he is fifteen, recently refused some work offered to him, giving as a reason that the wages were too low. After paying all his expenses he must have at least 10s. a week left over for pocket money, he informed me loftily. Another lad whom I know has been spending 11s. a week on bon-bons and cigarettes for months past, although well supplied with good food the while. Children turn into sweet shops now on their way to school quite as a matter of course. The amount of money that is being spent in sweets, toys, and such-like petty luxuries, on cigarettes and cigars, is appalling; although even that is as nothing compared with the amount that is being spent on junketing, on going to cinemas, music halls, and theatres, on visiting and entertaining visitors.

In little mining towns there are sometimes two cinemas, a music hall and a theatre; and, no matter how many there may be, they are crowded twice a day. Women, who, two years ago, would never have dreamed of giving even a tea, keep open house now, when at home; and when they are not entertaining, they are being entertained, at tea parties at which whisky, perhaps, figures as cream. It is quite the custom among a large section of them now to pay visits to friends and relatives, even to those who live at a distance. If they have nowhere else to go, they go to the nearest town to pay visits to shops. If they live near London many of them make their way to Regent Street, calling *en route* at the various public houses they know; and winding up for a meal at some restaurant. Meanwhile their homes are, of course, unswept, and their children are either dragged

about with them, or uncared for, left to buy their food at pastry cooks, and when not at school, to find amusement for themselves in the streets.

The women whom one sees junketing, day after day, rushing about in tramway cars, trains, and even taxis, are not the women who work. Any junketing most of the workers do must be done on Sundays and half holidays; and then many of them are too tired to rush anywhere. The junketers are, as a rule, married women of the sort that, before the War, spent their days quietly looking after their homes and children. Now, however, that their men folk are away at the War, or at war work, and cannot turn up at odd hours, they feel themselves quite free, rich to boot, and are bent on enjoying both their freedom and their money.

Little wonder either; for, until quite recently, very many of them had but a poor thin time, shut up all day in dull tenements, with never a chance of seeing anything beyond the end of their narrow drab street. Their whole life long, until the War began, they were in poverty, trying to make pennies do the work of threepenny pieces, grappling day in, day out, with sordid cares. This is the first time they have ever had money to waste, and it has come to them suddenly; it is the first time, too, that they have had the chance of joy days. It is but natural, therefore, however wrong it may be, that they should seize their chance and waste their money. And waste it they certainly do; even their joy days need not cost them so much as they do cost. It is as if some evil Tirthankar were at work driving them into wild extravagance. Never were there women of their class so recklessly lavish with their money as they are; and the poorer they have been, the more lavish they are. Some of the most lavish of them all, indeed, must in bygone days have seen the grim wolf at very close quarters.

None the less, here they are, spending every penny they have, without ever a care for the future; spurring on their husbands, brothers and sons—and they need no spurring—also to spend every penny. One might think from the way they, man and woman alike, act and talk, that the prosperity they are now enjoying must go on forever. That it will go on forever, indeed, they are firmly convinced. They are having the time of their lives, the men so far as money is concerned, and their wives so far as pleasure; and they have never a doubt in their minds but that this time will last as long as life lasts. It is as if their eyes and ears were holden; for there is proof enough, surely, on every side, that it may end in a few months; and must end before very long. They must remember, surely, that lean kine days were close at hand when the War began.

Already two years ago, the period of industrial prosperity through which we were passing was nearing its end. Employers were beginning to think twice before embarking on new ventures, employees to think many times before throwing up work, as the unemployed were increasing in numbers from day to day. Unless all the omens were at fault, there would have been great distress in England in the winter of 1914, had the War not come; greater still perhaps last winter. It is to the War that we owe the present feverish prosperity, the great rise in the National Wage Bill. It is because we must have war material, let the cost be what it may, that wages are high; it is because workers by the legion have gone to the War that their comrades at home can make their own terms. This every working man and woman would know, if their eyes were not holden. They would know, too, that war prosperity, although it may last as long as the War, can hardly last very much longer. The great majority of soldiers will

become workers again when the fight is over. Then the shortage of labor will end; and the ending of it must surely spell lower wages, unemployment, especially as, at the very time it needs, the shortage of work will begin.

There will be no great demand for war material when the War is over, no clamoring for high explosives. Hundreds of munition factories will either have to be closed or transformed into factories of another sort; and that will take time, even if the capital wherewith to transform them is at hand; and capital may be hard to find. For since the War began, England has been living on her capital; and at a higher rate than ever before. Her wealth, instead of increasing, as in normal times, has decreased with appalling rapidity. Even the richest of nations must soon feel the pinch if forced into spending five millions a day unproductively; and from the materialist point of view every penny spent on the War is unproductive, is wasted, in fact. Besides, even if the capital be there, whether the factories be opened or not must depend, surely, on what demand there is for things manufactured. For no one will manufacture anything unless there be some one to buy it, with money to pay for it; and with rates and taxes high, as they must be, with dividends low, wages low, too, as it seems to me they must be, it will be the few, not the many who will have the money to buy anything beyond the bare necessities.

Things will right themselves in time, no doubt, and trade will boom again then; but the righting of them will be done neither in a month, nor yet in a year. Meanwhile the men and women who are now earning more than they ever earned before will have to content themselves with less than they have earned for years past; the men with a fraction of what they are earning now. The women with their old pittance. That is a foregone conclusion, surely,

and it is the women who will suffer first and most. Many, many women who are now doing well-paid work men's work, will be unemployed when the soldiers are again at home; many, many who feel themselves quite rich now, will then be plunged into poverty. The old heartrending struggle to make both ends meet, the fight for bare necessities, will begin again then, for workers and workers' wives alike, unless, indeed, they have money laid by, money they have saved, to fall back upon. Could this fact be brought home to them, could they be made to realize that, unless they save now, they will hear their children crying for bread in the days to come, will see them again without shoes, the overwhelming majority of them, even the junketers and spendthrifts, would at once cease junketing, cease throwing money out of the windows, and straightway begin to save. Of that I am firmly convinced. It would be difficult to make them realize it, for in what concerns the coming of bad times they are hard of belief. Still they could be made to realize it, if enough time and trouble were taken, if proofs that bad times lie ahead were put before each one of them separately. And until they do realize it, to talk to them of thrift is as talking to the wind.

Appeals to their patriotism are foredoomed; they, for the most part, do not know the meaning of the term, as the Balkaners, for instance, know it. And through no fault of their own; they have never been taught. They are proud of being English; but it never even occurs to them that they owe anything to England, that it is their duty to help her, to take thought for her, to give her of their substance, to save for her if need be. And if it did occur to them, it would be little short of a miracle. For, until the War began, it was never suggested to the wage-earning class that they ought, or in-

deed could, do anything for her; that they owed her any personal service, any sacrifice of their time or money. Even then the appeals that were made were only to the men, they were appeals for military service, not to women, the purse-bearers, for thrift.

If, when the War began, a heavy tax had at once been put on amusements, on tickets for cinemas, music-halls and theatres, it would have made for patriotism. For then even the heedless, and of all classes, would have understood that the Government, who alone know the true state of things, deemed the times too grave for pleasure-seeking. They would have understood then that England was in sore straits, in danger; and all the latent love they have for her would have blazed forth. If when, thanks to the War, wages began to rise, and war bonuses to be distributed, they who benefited had been called upon to hand over even a tithe of their extra earnings, week by week, to the State, as a War Loan, to be returned with interest when the War was over, it would have made both for patriotism and for thrift. Had this been done the financial burden the nation has to bear would, for the time being, be lighter by millions than it is; and the wage-earners, in the time to come, would be richer by millions; that without anyone feeling the poorer. For no wage-earner would miss one-tenth of his—or her—extra earnings, when he was putting into his pocket the other nine-tenths together with his usual earnings. And they would have the satisfaction of knowing that they were helping their country with their money, as well as their work, in the War; the satisfaction of knowing, too, that, when the War was over, they would have money in hand wherewith to face the lean kine days that lie ahead. As things are, most of them will be just as poor, when these days come, as if they had never known fat kine days, unless —. Perhaps even now it is

not too late to levy for the War Loan a tithe of all war bonuses and excess wages
The Nineteenth Century and After.

especially as there is at length a chance, it seems, of a tax being put on amusements.

Edith Sellers.

BARBARA LYNN.

By EMILY JENKINSON.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHEPHERD'S REST.

Joel Hart sat on a bench, staring at the fire in the kitchen of the Shepherd's Rest. Timothy Hadwin was bending over a basket of moss and late mountain flowers, dissecting them with a small scalpel, while he held a magnifying glass in his left hand through which he continually peered. The good dame of the inn was spinning, and the whirr of the wheels' rapid turning made a pleasant hum in the room, like the buzzing of bees. Her good man had gone to the nearest market town on business.

Outside a cold white mist hugged the fells. Little could be seen but a patch of monotonous landscape in front of the inn, and nothing heard save the thunder of the beck which was in spate.

Joel was silent, preoccupied with his thoughts or else sunk in a melancholy mood. Timothy looked at him from under his mild brows, then took a pinch of snuff, and leaning back in his chair said:

"You'll soon be well enough to go home, Joel."

There was no answer. Either the young man had not heard, or he did not want to talk.

"Aye, he's gotten on gaily," said the inn-keeper's wife, a little woman with beady black eyes and a smile that could be both kindly and malicious. "He owes his life to you, Master Hadwin. You couldn't have treated him better if he'd been your own son. But he wants waking up now. Come, come, young gentleman, look as though you were glad to be sitting in Jamie Brown's

warm kitchen, and not lying cold and stark in the kirk-garth."

Joel raised himself with an effort.

"I'm not sure," he replied, attempting a laugh, "that the kirk-garth wouldn't be a better place for me. This sickness has taken all the sap out of my limbs. I feel like a rotten tree, just waiting for the first wind that blows to fling it down."

"You're needing a cherry cordial to put new life into you," said the dame, and she bustled to her press, bringing out a bottle that shone like a ruby in the genial fire-glow.

"Cherry cordial," he answered, "it's something stronger than cherry cordial that I need."

"Take my advice, young master, and don't drink any more wine today. You've had as much as is good for you. Now sup this up. It'll put a little color into your white whisht-face, without addling your brains."

Joel drank, then set the glass on the bench beside him. For a while longer he remained in a state of gloomy silence, but a glow began to steal over his body, and soon loosened his tongue.

"I once heard of a man," he said, "that strained himself as I did, but he died. For a twelve month and a day afterwards he came out of his grave every night, and sucked the veins of living folk until he had gained what he'd lost. Then he slept quietly."

"An uncanny tale," replied the good wife. "I wouldn't think of it if I was you. There's a long life and a merry one before you yet. Be cheery now."

"It was only one man whose blood he sucked," he said as though it were an afterthought. Then he flung back his head and turned to Timothy. "Shall we have a game at chess?" he asked. "You were going to teach me a new move. Chess is a game worth playing, though I used to despise it. I thought it slow. Do you know, I get great amusement out of giving all the pieces the names of my friends, and seeing how they check-mate one another."

The old man got up with alacrity. He was always glad to interest Joel in anything that would take the spleen from his voice and the dis-spirited look from his face. As a physician of the soul as well as the body, he desired to pour a healing balm on the hidden wound, which he saw was causing suffering of an intense nature. Timothy had found the thread which led through the gloomy, cavernlike mind of the young man. He saw that which was seated in the innermost depths of his being. But, so far, all his efforts had been unable to dispel it.

He got out the chess board, drew the table to the fire, and began to give his pupil a lesson. Joel's interest seemed to be centered upon one particular piece, and he watched all its movements with the eagerness of a child.

"It was a good idea of yours, Timothy, to teach me the game," he said once or twice. "On beastly days like this, when no one is likely to pay us a visit, it passes the time—eh?"

"I used to be a great chess-player when I was a young man," replied Timothy, "but I was afraid I had forgotten a great deal until I began to show you the way. It's pleasant to sit in the fire-glow, when the storms of life are over and revive old habits. It makes one feel young again."

While they were thus absorbed, the sound of many hoofs drew near.

"List," said the good-wife, "there's

Red Geordie and the pack horses. He'll cheer us up a bit. He's better than a town-crier any day for telling the news."

Joel looked through the fire-window under which he sat—it was a little window in the chimney—and saw, coming out of the mist, a string of horses led by a black stallion. At the end of the trail rode a man on a stout little galloway. His coat collar was pulled up to his eyes, and a fur cap, with a sprig of bog myrtle in it, was drawn well down upon his brows. The black stallion stopped of its own accord at the inn door, and its train of followers halted also, and began to nibble the turf by the road side.

Their master stirred his pony, and, in a few moments, entered the kitchen, shaking the dew from his cap. He was a man of medium height, squarely built, with a bald head, and a fringe of red hair and whiskers, that framed his face in a fearsome manner.

"Come to the fire," said the good-wife, pushing up a chair, "come and warm thyself."

"That I will, mistress, and thank you kindly. It's a raw day, masters, better in than out. And how goes the world with all of you?"

He nodded to Joel and Timothy with a friendly laugh.

"How goes the world?" exclaimed the dame. "Sometimes this way, sometimes that; whiles it runs straight, whiles agee; whiles smooth, and whiles like a clog wheel. But we've been lively lately, for this time o' year. We've had a wheen visitors since the Meet, folk coming and going to see Master Joel Hart yonder. He's been ill. You'll have heard of it, Geordie, on your way up the country."

"Master Hart, of course!" the new comer bent forward, peering into Joel's face with his little sharp eyes. "Sakes! man, how thoo's changed. I shouldn't have knowed tha. But wel-

come, welcome back my hearty. Twice welcome since thoo comes with well-feathered pockets."

He shook hands with zest.

"And how fend tha noo, Master Joel?" he asked.

"Gaily," replied Joel in an offhand manner.

"He's nobbut very sweemish," interposed the good-wife, with just a touch of malice in her tones. "He wants cheering up a bit."

Red Geordie slapped his thigh and laughed.

"It's the lassies he's missing," he said, "mistress, mistress, thoo should have 'ticed up a posey o' bonny faces for him to look at."

"To the Girdlestone in this weather!" she replied.

"If thoo said, 'Here's a fine bird worth the picking,' they'd have come like a flock of starlings after a bone, aye, would they."

Joel turned away with a haughty shrug of his shoulders, and Red Geordie sniggered, in no way disconcerted.

"Well, what's been adoing down-by?" asked the dame, anxious not to offend her lordly guest.

"Marrying, kersening, and burying—just the day's work o' common folk."

"Day's work, says you! It's little we sees o' such goings on in the Girdlestone, saving the mating o' wind and rain, the birth o' snowstorm, and the death o' summer on the fells. Be canny now and tell us o' the news. Whose married? whose been kirsened? and whose dead down-by?"

"Well," replied Red Geordie, sipping his mulled ale with satisfaction, "there's triplets in Troutbeck, and they's been called Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego."

"Sakes alive! it's enough to make Anabaptists o' them; they'll be wanting to be rekirstened when they're grown up. Whatever was their mother think-

ing o' to lay such a saddle on the ladbairns's backs?"

Red Geordie tossed off his ale and handed the mug back to be filled again.

"Pack horses, pack horses," he cried, "hey, mistress, we're all pack horses on the road. Some on us carries one thing, some on us carries another; some has his mother's follies, and some his dadda's sins, forbye, the sins and follies of his own getting."

"Aye, it's a wonder when you come to think o' it—the cross-bred sheep we be!" said the good-wife.

Red Geordie again handed back his mug

"I'll have another glass, mistress, with a dash more nutmeg in it to warm the thrapple. Now, Master Camomile, what kind o' fate would you foretell for the three lad bairns, born at a birth? They ought to turn out something by-ordinary."

Timothy shook his head.

"Doubtless they will suffer the common lot of man," he replied, "and pass through the fiery furnace of tribulation like other folks. Happy will they be if they can sing with the Hebrew children, 'Oh, ye fire and heat, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever.'"

Joel looked up quickly.

"I never believed the story," he said, "men don't praise God in the midst of the fiery furnace. They're more likely to curse Him."

Ever since the pack-master's rollicking personality had entered the inn kitchen, Joel had kept a moody silence. He disliked the quizzical glance of the man; and the bald head, with its upstanding fringe of red hair, raised an unreasonable antipathy in his mind. If the weather had not been so cold and damp, he would have left his seat in the ingle-nook and gone out, preferring the mist to becoming the target for Red Geordie's eyes.

His sudden outburst caused an uneasy pause, not so much because of

the words, but the intensity with which they were spoken. They seemed to have been thrown off from the man's mind as smoke is thrown up from a volcano. They were the sign of the fires burning within him.

"Heigh-ho," exclaimed Red Geordie, who felt it his duty to restore the conversation to a more natural tone, "I'll have to be taking the road again. It's a dree day for a body to be riding through the Girdlestone, a dree day, but less dree than it used to be before the Shepherd's Rest was built. I mind well, when the snow lay on the fells, and wind swept down them like a beast, trying to snap off your fingers and toes, and there was neither inn nor cot for twenty miles! Those were days! I've seen me riding with a match-lock over my shoulder and a brace of pistols in my belt, like any rumbustical cateran. What with robbers and winds and thunderstorms, the frights I got bristled up my hair so that it's never laid down since."

"The first time I rode through the pass," said Timothy, "I thought I had come to the Delectable Mountains. It was a summer morning. I rode on and on in a kind of a dream till suddenly I came to a gibbet with a dead man swinging upon it. It distressed me." The little silver-headed man looked as though the memory of it still distressed him. "For the rest of my journey, I meditated upon our nature and the divine justice that is above our justice, for it sees with the eyes of mercy."

"I know who he was," said Red Geordie. "You can spare your sympathy for him, master. He murdered his wife and flung her body into Quaking Hag, and that minds me, by the by, I saw the last time I passed that Devil's pot that the fence is broken."

The good wife busied herself about preparing a meal. She made the fire burn brighter, and put the kettle on

to boil; all the time she talked.

"They say he walks round Quaking Hag at nights, carrying a light to lead witless folk into the peat holes. If the fence is down I wonder you let your horses go on their lone. They might wander from the track and you'd never see them no more."

"Oh," laughed the man, "Black Geordie kens the road as well as me. With a Black Geordie in front, and a Red Geordie behind, it's not many spooks will trouble us. I'll go and whisper a word in the old fellow's lug, and send him on. He'll be past the Hag before I catch him up. He should have been a general in the army—that old fellow—for he comes clean out o' all messes."

He went to the door, and soon there was the sound of hoofs upon the road. Joel saw the string of beasts disappear into the mist as they went on up the pass. Their master came back to the kitchen, and with him entered Peter Fleming.

"Another glass, mistress," cried Red Geordie. "One for each of us; glasses all round; a stirrup cup for me, and a happy union for you. Your health, Master Joel Hart! and schoolmaster Peter, here's to you!"

At Peter's entrance, Joel's haughtiness vanished, and with it went the white whisht-look that had caused the dame anxiety. His eyes began to burn, and his lips twitched. Color mounted to his brow, and concentrated into two red patches upon his cheek-bones. He got up from his seat, in the furthest corner of the ingle-nook, and moved nearer to Peter, looking at him with a gaze that roused suspicions in Red Geordie's mind.

He thought of the rumors that were flying about, concerning these two men. Rumors were never to be relied upon—twenty years following the pack-horses had shown him their inconsequence. He had an intimate knowledge of the

manner in which they grew, as they rolled from village to village, himself being an active agent in starting them upon their mad careers.

He watched Joel intently, and scrubbed his upstanding whiskers with a rasping sound. Peter might not know it, but hate was the fire that glittered in Hart's eyes, hate was the color that painted his wan cheeks, hate made his lips twitch, and drew him from his corner to the other end of the bench, for like love it finds satisfaction in being near the object of its passion.

"Good Lord!" he said to himself. "Here's enough gunpowder to blow us all up."

Then he turned to Peter.

"And how's your bonny wife, school-master?" said he. "You should have brought her with you to make a little sunshine in the Girdlestone, such a dim, dark day as this is! A bonny face is always a bonny face, and worth looking at, even when it does belong to another man."

Joel scowled.

"When Fleming's here I want no bonny faces," he replied. "Peter's a good friend, and an old one. We're the best of friends, even though we did wrestle in such a manner that it brought me to death's door. But we'll have another wrestling yet, eh? Come, we'll drink to the next wrestling. Mistress, wine, and the best you've got."

"I'm glad to see you in such good spirits," said Peter kindly, but he thought that Joel had already had more wine than was good for him.

"Spirits! Yes, I'm looking forward to the next time we try a fall together."

"I've given up wrestling," said Peter.

"Man, will you not try another fall with me?"

"No. I'm going to let my muscles run to fat—as the good folk predict. You gave me such a taste of it at the Shepherds' Meet, that my appetite is satisfied forever."

"Satisfied, no! You'll not be able to stand still, when you see other men in the ring. Besides we haven't finished the bout. You didn't throw me, you know. We'll finish it some fine day when I go back to Forest Hall."

"Let me ken the hour," said Red Geordie, picking up his whip, "I'll come and umpire. Hoo! but I'd like fine to see the end o' that wrestling. Well, I must be off or Black Geordie will bring the whole lot back to look for me. Good-bye, to you Master Hart. Good-bye, Peter Fleming. A word with you Master Timothy."

The old man accompanied Red Geordie to the door.

"He's mad," said the pack-master, indicating the kitchen with his whip.

The kind old face looked distressed.

"A hint in your ear, mister," and the man bent down and whispered, "murder."

"No, no, you're mistaken. He's just excited and has been drinking too much."

"It's murder! I saw it in his face. If Schoolmaster Peter is a wise man he'll go schoolmastering to another place, and take his wife with him."

Red Geordie mounted his horse, and rode off saying:

"I ken what's what in the man's face. I don't ride the pack roads for nowt, master."

(To be continued.)

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

BY A RED CROSS PRO.

CHRISTMAS IN THE WARDS.

I. PREPARATION.

"Wash the tops of the lockers, Lamb," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish briskly, as she bustled about trying to get everything in order for the coming festivities.

"You are not expecting me to do work and it Christmas evening morning," said Lamb, in injured tones.

"Of course I am. We are all working."

"I do call it hard. Last Christmas I had nothing but bully beef and biscuit in the trenches, and this Christmas I am asked to do work in hospital," continued Lamb plaintively, although had anyone else touched the lockers he would have deeply resented it, as he regarded them as his own special province.

"Yes," added Baker, "we could read in the papers how the troops dined off roast-beef and plum-pudding, and I saw nowt but a dry biscuit all day long. It is put in to please the public, I suppose."

"They want to feel that Tommy is having a good time, so enterprising newspapers sent smart young photographers to take fancy photographs of Tommy enjoying his Christmas fare, and never mention that they are taken in billets ten miles behind the firing line, so the deluded public think it is a faithful picture of home life in the trenches all the time," said Kilbride, as bitter memories of the rock-like consistency of the biscuits twelve months ago came over him.

"It may be all very well for chaps behind the firing line, but how much plum-pudding did we see in the trenches?" asked Jones bitterly.

"Well, you can all have a good Christmas dinner this year to make up for what you missed last year, so what is

the use of grumbling?" said Staff Nurse M'Tavish. "Now do set to work and get things ready. You don't want your ward to be the shabbiest in the Hospital, and it will be, unless you work."

Everyone in Blacktown was striving to acquire that intangible feeling of exhilaration known as the spirit of Christmas, but so far without any striking success. The wet cheerless weather, and the uncertainty which prevailed amongst the patients whether stout would be included in the Christmas dinner, were untoward influences, and even well-meant efforts to stimulate the feeling seemed somehow to go wrong. Perhaps of all the people at Blacktown Mrs. Noggs was the one who most truly possessed the Christmas spirit, as in her maiden days she had acted as ward-maid at the local infirmary, and she had a long and varied assortment of experiences on which to draw. Everyone else was more or less handicapped by having no standard of comparison, as this was their first Christmas in hospital, with the exception of Staff Nurse M'Tavish, and she held Christmas of little account.

"I shall be glad when Christmas is over, it makes a deal of work," Mrs. Noggs would remark dolefully, at the same time subtly conveying the impression that no one would be more bitterly disappointed than herself if the calendar gave a sudden leap and passed over Christmas altogether. On Christmas eve, she arrived in the morning carrying an enormous flower-pot, which had an intricate crimson pattern on a purple ground; a brilliant blue and red crinkled paper doily, and a large mechanical spider, which she laid before Staff Nurse M'Tavish as votive offerings to the cause of Christmas.

"Not but that I shall want them back when Christmas is over," she explained hastily, cutting short a peroration of thanks; "and the spider is to bring you luck."

Fortunately for Mrs. Noggs's reputation as a prophetess, she did not specify whether the luck was to be good or bad; and Jones, who was delighted with the loan, suspended the spider over the entrance to the ward, where it ran up and down an elastic wire in the most entrancing manner. Unluckily the Colonel, who was making an unofficial tour to see that everything looked Christmas-like in the wards, received the unexpected obstacle full in the face.

"What the——," he began, for the spider was both hard and scratchy, and then checked himself abruptly as he became conscious of the restraining presence of the Head Sister beside him.

"It is some of the men's little preparations for Christmas, I suppose," said the Head Sister, smiling indulgently, for she had been behind the Colonel and had escaped contact. "Not quite in a suitable place, I am afraid."

So the spider was forthwith consigned to an uninteresting strip of wall over the fireplace, where it could run up and down its wire without coming in contact with intruding colonels.

Sad to relate, Staff Nurse M'Tavish, who prided herself on her artistic eye did not view Mrs. Noggs's plant-pot and doily with any enthusiasm.

"Put a palm in the pot and place it on the locker in the corner. It won't show so much there," she remarked to her probationer as soon as Mrs. Noggs was safely engaged in scrubbing the passage. "The colors are really awful." So the darkest corner of the ward was chosen, and the vase safely enshrouded in encircling gloom. But Nemesis was not long in coming.

"Well," said Mrs. Noggs, who had slipped into the ward for another glance at her cherished pot, "I do call it 'ard

that the vase my poor 'usband gave me when we were first married should be used for nothing but a plant. I should never have taken the trouble to carry it 'ere if I had known."

As the pot was at least a foot in diameter, and the price of flowers at Christmas-time is regulated by an overwhelming demand for a very moderate supply, the task of filling it with flowers seemed likely to prove an expensive one; and Mrs. Noggs's feelings might have gone unsoothed if the happy expedient had not been suggested of using holly as the ground plan, and contributing to the floral element by massing as many chrysanthemums as could be spared in the middle.

To stimulate enthusiasm amongst the patients, a prize was offered for the best decorated ward in the Hospital. There was a good deal of difference amongst the Staff Nurses, as some welcomed the thought of decorations, and for weeks before Christmas devoted all their energies to devising schemes and securing the necessary appliances with which to carry them out, whilst others were content to adopt a *laissez-faire* policy and did nothing, or, as they themselves preferred to express it, "allowed the men to carry out their own ideas." Staff Nurse M'Tavish belonged to the latter school of thought, as in the depths of her heart she regarded the keeping of Christmas as an English folly, when all the rejoicings could be held so much more appropriately at the New Year. She poured scorn on the efforts of her friend Staff Nurse Brown, who was slaving feverishly to transform her ward into a bower of apple blossom.

"I like my men to enjoy themselves at Christmas, so I am letting them decorate their ward in their own way," remarked Staff Nurse M'Tavish.

"But my men are enjoying themselves. They are hard at work making apple blossoms and covering baskets

with silver paper to hang from the ceiling; even the bed patients are helping. Our ward is going to be called "Springtime." "

"Those are your ideas, not theirs. When did a man ever think about apple blossoms?" said Staff Nurse M'Tavish scornfully. "I did think of having a Scotch ward with bunches of thistles round the walls, as Kilbride could make fine thistles with cyanide wool, but since the Colonel won't allow any wool to be used, I am not going to fash myself."

For the Colonel had interfered in the Christmas rivalry which was going on amongst the wards by making two stringent prohibitions—no wool was to be used for the decorations, and no nails were to be knocked into the walls. Clergymen have the same foolish prejudice about nails in their pulpits and choir stalls, and everyone who has tried to decorate knows how impossible it is to hang anything up unless there is something to hang it on. Ward B. speedily solved this little difficulty to their own satisfaction, and as became good citizens obeyed the letter but not the spirit of the law. They purchased three penny-worth of tacks through their intermediary, Mrs. Noggs, and gaily knocked tacks instead of nails into the walls with the heels of their hospital slippers.

"No one has forbidden us to use tacks," said Lamb triumphantly.

"I always wondered why the soles were so hard, but we have found a use for them at last," said Jones, balancing precariously on one leg while he performed prodigies of valor with his slipper.

When Staff Nurse M'Tavish discovered that the patients were almost as confirmed exponents of the *laissez-faire* policy as she was herself, she became rather uneasy. Undoubtedly this is an excellent policy for your adversaries but not so suitable for your friends. When Christmas eve came, the ward

still presented a bare appearance, whereas their rival Ward C. was overflowing with triumphal arches and flowery bowers.

"Oh dear, we shall have a shabby ward," she exclaimed.

"The men in C. have made over a thousand paper flowers already, and you have not even made a start."

"Never mind, Sister, we will do better than make, we will buy," cried the patients unanimously.

True to their word, they made a shopping expedition into the town in the afternoon, and returned laden with strings of flags and paper streamers and accordion-like festoons of every conceivable shade. This solved the problem of the ceiling and upper regions of the ward, but the lower part still looked prosaically bare and unadorned.

"What are feeble imitations of Nature worth?" asked Kilbride scornfully. "Anyone can do that, but we will have something better, we will make a dug-out." They all set to work with a will, and by means of two empty lockers, two mattresses, and several ground-sheets, constructed a most realistic dug-out. The parapet consisted of sandbags, and the whole was sprinkled with glistening frost to give a wintery appearance. In front Lamb fastened a large placard which said—

SUICIDE CORNER.

LET THOSE COME HERE WHO DARE.

BRITONS NEVER SLEEP.

—and a khaki-clad warrior mounted guard day and night. The first idea had been that Jones should be the picturesque sentry, with a sheepskin coat over his arm, a gas cylinder at his feet, and a respirator over his mouth; but it suddenly occurred to the prudent youth that he might miss a large part of the Christmas festivities while playing this rôle, and he opposed the suggestion so vehemently that it had to be abandoned and a substitute rigged up of bolsters

and greatecoats. Jones was looked upon as a highly selfish individual, who preferred his own comfort to the glory of the community. However, everyone felt that they had really made a beginning in their decorative scheme, and set to work to find fresh ideas.

"Where is that prehistoric dragoon?" cried Baker after several moments of profound reflection. "Why should not he make us a machine-gun?"

Clyne's qualification for this novel form of decoration was due to the fact that he had been attached to a machine-gun section after his transfer from the 5th Dragoon Guards. As he had no weak pleas of unfamiliarity with this weapon to avail him, he sat up in bed and demanded cardboard and gray paint. This reduced Baker to silence, as Clyne had confidently expected, for none was forthcoming; but the afternoon shopping expedition soon remedied this trifling defect. "Now you can set to work," said Baker, dumping a bulky parcel on the bed, and in the course of the evening Clyne rigged up a model of a machine-gun and tripod, which was placed facing the entrance of the ward, in a position calculated to mow down any unwarranted intruders.

This, with the aid of cardboard trench mortars and hand grenades, served for the ground plan of the ward, and Baker, carried away by a sudden inspiration, set to work to embellish the upper regions by constructing a model of a tractor biplane. By means of wires and strong white linen, he made a most successful aeroplane, with a cardboard propeller which revolved, to the delight of the Ward. This was suspended from the ceiling and seemed to be skimming gracefully through the air in full flight, and as the taste of one generation never commends itself to the generation which succeeds it, so were the garlands and paper wreaths, which had met with such unqualified approval a few hours before, condemned

as bad taste and ruthlessly torn down to give an uninterrupted vista from the door of the new marvel.

"Apple blossoms indeed! Who would look at apple blossom when they could see aeroplanes?" exclaimed Baker, moved to commiseration by the lot of those unlucky fellows in C. who had only replicas of nature on which to feast their eyes. "Ours is a real Wartime Ward."

"Yes," said Jones, pointing proudly to a pile of hand grenades he had manufactured. "There were plenty of those about where I was last Christmas, but I prefer this kind."

"What were you doing last Christmas eve, Frankie?" asked Kilbride.

"I had just come out of the trenches and I went to a French civy's funeral. I never missed a funeral if I could help it," said Jones proudly.

"Fancy talking about funerals on Christmas eve. It is enough to bring bad luck on us all," said Mrs. Noggs indignantly.

Fortunately at this moment the arrival of the postman created a diversion, and the patients speedily forgot all about funerals in the pleasure of opening and commenting on their parcels. The G.P.O. might have learned many candid opinions of the treatment of parcels committed to its care.

"Call this a parcel! I call it raspberry pulp," said Akerman, holding up a shapeless, cornerless mass out of which crimson trickles were slowly exuding. Evidently the offering of some female admirer had suffered shipwreck on the way.

"What's the sense of a woman sending trash like this? Bought cheap in the market, I suppose," exclaimed Baker, examining with disgust several over-ripe bananas, which had been forcibly jammed on the top of two khaki silk handkerchiefs, with most detrimental results. A stained brown card was still legible, and said, "From your

loving wife, Mary," which seemed to show that whatever her capacities in wifely affection may have been, she did not excel in the common-sense treatment of fragile commodities.

Kilbride was even more unfortunate, as his wife sent him a haggis, with strict injunctions, "If you are not wanting it yourself, give it to the Medical Officer, and maybe he will be letting you away sooner"—whether out of gratitude or from fear of receiving a second haggis was left to the imagination. But the haggis was eaten neither by Kilbride, nor by the Medical Officer, nor by Mrs. Noggs's little boy—who seemed to be a most omnivorous child judging by the number and variety of articles secreted for his consumption—for prolonged traveling in closely-confined quarters had worked havoc on the once excellent constitution of the haggis, and it was consigned *nemine dissentiente* to the nearest dust-bin.

Jones also received a parcel, and, unlike the majority, being firmly wrapped in strong brown paper and securely tied, it arrived in perfect condition. He cut the string and found to his delight a large tobacco tin. Nothing could have been more acceptable, for Jones, who in his civilian days had been debarred from smoking on the score of expense, had lately developed an enormous capacity, stimulated by lavish gifts of cigarettes both in the trenches and in hospital. Indeed he seemed likely to be reduced to an impecunious old age when the source of these free gifts once more ceased to flow.

He took off the lid, anticipating a pleasant smoke—for thirty cigarettes a day had become a mere trifle to him—and found to his disgust that the tin was no longer dedicated to its primary purpose, but had been used to pack a razor and a pair of woollen gloves.

Such surprises are too much for human nature to bear with equanimity, especially at Christmas-time, when all

wounded soldiers rightly expect to be pampered.

"I think all women of forty ought to be dead," cried Jones bitterly, for it was a maiden aunt who was responsible for this thoughtless act.

Staff Nurse M'Tavish who was still on the sunny side of thirty, could afford to view this outrageous statement with complacency, and allowed the remark to pass unchallenged. Not so the Sergeant-Major, whose bald head and portly figure told of declining years. He promptly appropriated the remark as aimed at himself.

"If you can't talk sense, it is better not to talk at all," he observed irritably.

"But it is sense," maintained Jones. "People are no use after they are forty."

"It is very wrong to talk like that."

"Well, women anyway," continued Jones hastily, feeling he had overpassed the bounds of discretion. "Women are no use when they are old and wrinkled."

This was too much for Mrs. Noggs, who had been an unwilling auditor while engaged in washing the ward floor. Flinging down her house flannel she marched out of the ward to pour her woes into the sympathetic ear of her friend Mrs. James.

"Fancy!" she exclaimed in an agitated voice. "There is a man in our ward saying that women are no use after they are forty. It is awful to think how wicked men can be."

"It is, indeed," said Mrs. James. "And the young ones are the worst of all."

Meanwhile the Sergeant-Major was continuing the congenial task of dressing down the young.

"I suppose you have no mother?" he began.

"Yes, I have. Both a mother and a father."

"Then you can have no respect for them, to wish them dead."

"You have no right to say such a thing," protested Jones indignantly. "I have a great respect for them both."

"All I can say is that you have a queer way of showing them respect. I am glad you are no son of mine."

Jones was probably equally glad, but he deemed it unwise to say so. Indeed he was growing rather alarmed about the amount of attention his statement had attracted.

"If you don't know a joke when you hear one, I can't help it," he murmured nervously.

"What you said was no joke," was the crushing reply. "Age is no subject for jokes."

"Well, I meant it for one, anyway," repeated the unappreciated humorist. "If you can't take a joke, I can't help it."

The Sergeant-Major, either because he felt that he had done his duty by the young, or more probably because further arguments failed him, graciously permitted the matter to drop.

Staff Nurse M'Tavish had paid little heed to the conversation, as she was deeply immersed in the question of diet-sheets. Christmas does indeed bring penalties as well as pleasures in its train. The whole hospital was to be put on chicken diet for the great day, with fruit, pudding, bacon, and a bottle of beer, stout, or lemonade, as extras. This was delightful for the patients, but involved a considerable amount of clerical work on the part of the staff nurses, as every individual diet-sheet had to be filled with these extras and duly signed by the medical officers. It was well to seize a propitious moment for this, as the thought of appending his signature 105 times can put even the most amiable medical officer in a bad temper. A regrettable incident was narrowly averted in the case of Ward B., which would have annoyed Lieutenant Burn considerably. Jones, from sheer exuberance of spirit, seized

his diet-sheet and constructed an imaginary diet for himself, which extended over a whole week. It comprised one cask of beer, one dozen bottles of stout, one turkey, one pineapple, three dozen bottles of whisky, and for the last day of the year he put "Napoo, fini." This remarkable document was slipped in amongst the authentic sheets, and was very nearly signed inadvertently by Lieutenant Burn. At the last moment Staff Nurse M'Tavish detected some eccentricities in the writing and snatched the sheet away from the medical officer's bewildered gaze.

Naturally the patients were delighted at the prospect of extensions to their daily fare. Only Viney failed to be cheered.

"I don't see that I am getting much out of it," he remarked judiciously. "except another bottle of stout."

"As you are on chicken and stout already, you cannot expect to get much change," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish in bracing tones.

"But I get two bottles of stout, don't I, Sister?" Viney asked anxiously, gloomy possibilities beginning to occur to him for the first time.

"Of course not. No patient gets more than one bottle"

"I have a bottle every day, so it is not fair that I should not have an extra bottle of stout for Christmas like everyone else."

"Don't let me have any more grumbling."

"Well, I call Christmas fare a failure. I don't like turkey, and I have to have it instead of chicken, and I don't even get an extra bottle of stout. I do call it hard."

"Listen to old Viney. Always worry, worry, worry about his stout," said Lamb. "He will wear himself to a shadow over it."

In the afternoon the decorations of the ward were finished. Three large

flags—the red, white, and blue ensigns—covered a large portion of the walls, and over the dug-out a Union Jack had been hoisted. Certainly *Ars est celare artem*, and from the distance the framework of mattresses and ground sheets was hardly noticeable. The electric lights had been covered with thick red paper and gave a subdued crimson glow. The patients were delighted with the results of their efforts.

"It is as good as going to the pictures," sighed Jones rapturously. This is the highest form of praise possible, it is more eulogistic than any superlative.

"If we don't get the prize, we ought. That is all I can say," said Akerman. "Why, looking in at the door anyone would think they were back in the trenches."

As Akerman had never been in the trenches, this testimony was hardly as convincing as it sounded, but his fellow-patients accepted it generously, and refrained from ungraciously drawing attention to the fact.

The passage still remained to be decorated, but the scheme aroused little enthusiasm amongst the wounded, as it had been decided upon for them by the Head Sister. It consisted of chains and arches of frosted holly, with scarlet-breasted robins perching amongst the foliage. Sad to relate, the interiors of the robins were made of cotton wool, but being enveloped in crinkled paper with brightly painted breasts, it was considered beyond the bounds of possibility that the Colonel would perform anatomical experiments upon the robins to discover if his mandate had been disobeyed. The men were distinctly bored by the scheme, which came in sharp antithesis to their own preparations, but they refrained from open criticism, and merely withdrew leaving the work to be carried out by the Staff Nurse and Probationer. Instead, they devoted their energies to

rehearsing Christmas carols, and hastily robing themselves in screen covers, dressing-gowns, sheets, or any covering near at hand, sallied forth to entertain the adjoining wards with their rendering of the carols. So great was their success, that many of the patients from these wards joined the band of carol singers uninvited, and a large body sallied out to sing beneath the windows of the Sisters' quarters, and finally arrived at the great gate of the Hospital, where they sang the carols once again, to the great delight of the passers-by, who assembled in numbers to listen to the unexpected music. At ten o'clock the patients retired to bed, not to sleep, but to await the passing of the hours until Christmas Day should have dawned.

II. THE DAY.

"Christmas Day in the workhouse!" cried the patients.

"I little thought I should be spending Christmas in the workhouse as a reward for serving my country in the trenches," said Jones.

Whatever their views on workhouses, the patients were determined to make the most of Christmas and not to miss a moment's enjoyment. Accordingly they started the day early. By 4.30 A.M. the wards were resounding with the mingled strains of mouth-organs and gramophones, which made a noise if they did not succeed in making music. Official festivities began at 6 A.M., when the choir from a neighboring church came to salute the wounded by singing "Christians, Awake!" although, as Kilbride remarked, this was a mere matter of form, as all Christians had been awakened long hours before.

This was Staff Nurse M'Tavish's first experience of an English Christmas, and in the depths of her heart she thought it a poor substitute for the New Year; but she determined, things being as they were, to do her duty and

keep it as thoroughly as possible. So everyone was provided with a substantial gray stocking to hang at the foot of his bed, and Santa Claus, in the guise of the Night Nurse, was deputed to fill the stockings in the still small hours of the night. The patients were much gratified by the dimensions of the stockings, and were delighted when they awoke on Christmas morning to find them bulging. Unfortunately the gifts did not come up to expectations, and the failure of this part of the program threatened to cast a blight over the whole day. For Staff Nurse M'Tavish had invested in a quantity of penny toys, which she had distributed in what she considered a delightfully humorous way. The worst part about possessing a sense of humor is that it may not happen to be the same as other people's, and in that case the jokes are liable to fall extremely flat. So it was in Ward B. The toys which seemed to Staff Nurse M'Tavish to combine subtle humor with the virtue of cheapness, were regarded by the patients as so many insults. Jones, diving enthusiastically into his stocking, pulled out apples and oranges and a large brown paper parcel which, when divested of its many coverings of brown paper, was found to contain a baby's rattle. This was too much for Jones to bear calmly on Christmas morning, for age is ever a tender subject upon which to jest. As soon as he saw the words "For Baby," printed in large letters, he flung the rattle on to the ground and rolled over sullenly in bed. Nor was Kilbride much more fortunate. Thrusting his hand deeply into his stocking, he grasped not only a thistle pin-cushion, but also the points of the pins, which were very superficially concealed. Staff Nurse M'Tavish had taken considerable trouble in choosing this national emblem for her compatriot, and would have been deeply incensed had she seen

Kilbride fling it on the bed and heard him mutter that there was no sense in hiding pin-cushions in stockings. Viney next tried his luck, and seemed to be more favored by Fortune, as he drew forth a small wooden box, which possessed distinct possibilities. Filled with triumph, he seized the lid forcibly and pulled it open, receiving to his disgust a sharp spike right on his thumb. His present had been one of those so-called humorous toys, which contained a spike worked by a hidden spring, ingeniously contrived to inflict a severe prick upon the opener of the box. Viney at least had no delusions about the humor of this toy. Filled with mingled rage and disappointment, he seized the box and hurled it violently across the ward, where it narrowly escaped coming in contact with Staff Nurse M'Tavish, who was just hurrying into the ward to give her patients all the good wishes of the season.

"A Merry Christmas to you all," she cried brightly, although a little surprised to find solid wooden bodies passing through the air.

"The same to you," said the patients in tones of deepest melancholy.

"Why, what's the matter?"

Unrestrained gloom, amidst which Viney sucked his thumb, Kilbride nursed his hand, while those who had not yet investigated their stockings regarded them as possessing unfathomed potentialities for evil.

"Do cheer up," cried the bewildered Staff Nurse. "What is wrong? We want to have a Merry Christmas, and not gloomy faces."

It seemed as if nothing could invigorate their drooping spirits, and they ate their breakfast in the same spirit of silent martyrdom. As soon as breakfast was over Staff Nurse M'Tavish announced that on Christmas Day everyone might do what they liked in the ward. She made the statement quite clearly, to prevent all

misunderstandings, although at the same time she could not help feeling regretfully that it was highly subversive of discipline, and that it would be hard work to get the patients back into good ways.

"You can lie on the beds and smoke all day and play the gramophone," she announced.

The atmosphere perceptibly thawed after this, and became almost cheerful again. The morning passed quickly with the help of a service in the Hospital chapel, at which the Christmas hymns were sung with tremendous vigor.

Dinner, which constituted the *piece de resistance* of the day, was served in the large dining-hall, which had been specially decorated with large flags and long paper chains of red, white, and blue rosettes. The effect was patriotic, if not restful to the eye. All who could leave their beds found their way into the dining-hall and took their places at the long tables. Five large turkeys were carved and distributed by the strenuous efforts of five Medical Officers—for even a highly specialized knowledge of anatomy does not necessarily make a doctor into a skilful carver,—and in one or two instances a severe struggle ensued between the bird and the Medical Officer. However, in the end every patient received his portion of turkey, supplemented by a substantial slice of roast beef. This was an afterthought on the part of the authorities, who had been afraid that the turkeys might not go round. Next the Christmas puddings were carried in, each with a traditional sprig of holly, and surrounded by leaping flames. The patients were delighted, but when Sister Grayson seized the bottle of brandy to add fresh life to the dwindling flames, a wail of despair arose.

"Don't waste it, Sister," they cried as one man.

"Don't pour on any more. Remember it is war-time."

So the Head Sister desisted, and served out liberal slices of pudding. Proceedings were concluded when the Colonel gave the toast of "The King," and the Sergeant-Major seized the opportunity to say a few words on behalf of the patients. This was an unexpected addition to the program, and hardly a welcome one, as the Sergeant-Major was an unappreciated orator, whose rhetorical efforts always gave infinitely more pleasure to himself than to his audience. If the old saying, "Practice makes perfect," were true, the Sergeant-Major would have been a finished speaker long ago, as he never lost an opportunity of securing a little practice. So the patients saw him rise with gloomy forebodings, as he was well known to be a deliberate speaker, who always left an unpleasant doubt when he would see fit to terminate his remarks. However, on this occasion he kept within the bounds of strict moderation, and even delighted his audience by imparting a touch of unconscious humor to his words.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I rise today, on behalf of my comrades, to thank you all for the great care and many kindnesses we have received from you since we have been inmates of the Blacktown Military Hospital. In the name of my comrades, I may say that none of us will ever forget our Christmas here. Dear brethren" (unrestrained laughter on the part of the patients brought the Sergeant-Major to a compulsory pause, and the end of the speech was much interrupted by giggles and chokes), "I should say dear comrades, may I not in your name give expression to our heartfelt gratitude, and ask you all to join me in drinking to the Colonel, the Staff, and to Victory!"

Tremendous applause followed as soon as it was realized that the Sergeant-Major had really finished, and the slight confusion which had marred

his closing phrases passed unheeded. Indeed the wonder was that, amidst the undercurrent of suppressed giggles, he had been able to finish at all. However, he sat down, well content that his self-enforced task was over, and the patients went to prepare for the Variety Entertainment and Christmas Tree, which were the afternoon program of festivities.

In the kitchen a less cheerful scene was being enacted, as the sight of five almost bare carcasses had reduced Mrs. Noggs to the verge of tears. The ward-maids and orderlies were busy washing up the piles of plates, and the remains of the dinner were strewn about the kitchen.

"Call this Christmas," said Makin gloomily. "What's Christmas unless you have the luck to be a patient. It is nothing but extra work."

"It is as well I belong to a Goose Club," began Mrs. Noggs, "and have a goose waiting for me for supper tonight, for it is awful the food you get here. No turkey nor potato, not even a scrap of pudding, and women in other blocks can get big slices of turkey and mince-pies and glasses of port. I call it a shame to starve poor, honest women." If Mrs. Noggs had been a wounded soldier unjustly deprived of his Christmas dinner, she could not have expressed her views more poignantly, whereas, as she was perfectly well aware, she was not entitled to any food at all. "Why, there is nothing left but a carcass."

This testimonial to the excellent appetites of the patients failed to cheer her, and she flounced out of the kitchen on another fruitless quest to the dining-room to see if anything had been left.

The Variety Entertainment was provided on the assumption that the British soldier, like his Elizabethan ancestor, prefers his entertainments to be lengthy, and the program lasted

from 2.30 until 7 P.M. Naturally there were intervals and breaks in the sequence of events, and to tell the truth the patients enjoyed the intervals considerably more than the efforts of the kind-hearted amateurs on their behalf. Not that they were ungrateful or unappreciative. Far from it. But during the intervals they entertained themselves. In Ward B. the native ingenuity of Lamb suggested that the hospital suits should be turned inside out and the fleecy white lining exposed, as a change from the monotonous blue. Everyone seized his suggestion with alacrity, and with scarlet handkerchiefs on their heads, scarlet neckties, as cummerbunds round their waists, and dinner-knives slung from their belts, they soon converted themselves into a Pirate Band. Lamb, Jones, and a few of the more exuberant spirits completed their disguise by blacking their faces and talking to each other in guttural grunts and snorts which they declared to be Senegalese. Kilbride and M'Vean remained true to their country by rolling their trousers above the knees and fashioning wonderful kilts of black crinkled paper, in which they wandered about the ward, making weird noises on walking-sticks, which they declared to be playing the bagpipes. The other members of the Pirate Band played their part by giving a spirited rendering of "Tipperary" on mouth-organs and tin whistles, with occasional divergencies from the original which made Staff Nurse M'Tavish shudder.

The entertainment was proceeding merrily, when Ward B. suddenly learned the bad news—rumored at first and afterwards confirmed—that the prize for the best decorated ward had been won by another block. At first they received the tidings with frank incredulity, so certain had they been that their scenes from life in the trenches

would carry all before them. When the news became a certainty, their indignation knew no bounds.

"Fancy," cried Lamb—"fancy anyone preferring mere prettiness to originality. What is the world coming to?"

"It must have been judged by some old lady who was afraid of the machine-gun when she caught a glimpse of it, and never got farther than the door," cried Clyne.

"It's absolutely reedicrous," shouted M'Vean. "Who wants roses and paper flowers at Christmas? It's a sinful waste of good paper making them."

Such is the frailty of human nature, that Ward B. found their greatest consolation in the fact that their rivals in C., in spite of their untiring efforts and their magnificent record of 1300 apple blossoms, had likewise received no prize. It is better for a stranger than for a deadly rival to carry off the honors of the day.

When 7 o'clock came, the kind-hearted amateurs packed up their songs and music, and went away with the pleasant feeling that they had done their share to give Tommy a happy Christmas. Hardly had they disappeared from sight, than M'Vean turned to his friends. "What do you

Blackwood's Magazine.

say to having the gramophone?" he asked.

"Yes," cried everyone enthusiastically.

It is no wonder that even our enemies are forced to admire the tenacity of the British soldier.

Supper-time came all too soon, and included liberal extensions to the ordinary diet of bread-and-butter and cocoa. These took the form of sardines and mince-pies, and however incongruous they might seem to an ordinary mortal, were thoroughly appreciated by the wounded. The Army is a splendid training-ground for meeting any contingency which may arise with unflinching courage.

At ten o'clock the patients retired, wearied but happy, to their beds.

"It's been a great day," said M'Vean with a sigh of relief.

"In spite of not getting the prize," qualified Lamb.

"Perhaps tomorrow they will find they have made a mistake, and we shall get it after all," added Jones hopefully.

"Good night, everyone; sleep well," cried Staff Nurse M'Tavish.

"I doubt they'll be fractious in the morning," she added in an undertone to her friend.

THE WORLD OF HENRY JAMES.

The art of Henry James has often been discussed in these columns. He was a conscious artist, knowing more clearly than is the wont of English novelists what he wished to do, and, given his subject, how he must set about it. His books were therefore an excellent theme for critics eager to convince a generation persuaded of the contrary, by too many dazzling achievements in the opposite manner, that fiction need not be formless and that after all the soul of a good story is an

idea. To Henry James the novel was something other than a convenient hold-all into which any valuable observations and reflections might be stuffed at the last moment; nor was it, to go no farther into the matter, merely pep-tonized experience. He was an artist, a creator, a dreamer of dreams. Of course the world he created bore a vital relation to our ordinary experience, as all art must if it is to bewitch and move us; but the characters in that world, in whose fate and emotions he interested

us, existed in a medium which was not the atmosphere we ordinarily breathe. The medium was his own mind. Just as there is a world called "Dickens," another called "Balzac," so there is a world called "Henry James." If we speak of the reality of such worlds, it is only a proof we have been completely beguiled. We are only paying homage to the shaping minds of their creators. How independent of the actual world, how dependent vitally upon the world in which they are set, these characters in fact are, becomes instantly clear if we imagine one of them removed from one imaginary world to another. Consider Pecksniff transplanted into "The Golden Bowl"; he would become extinct. And how incredible would "the Dove" be in the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit"! The same holds good of all characters constructed piecemeal from life when introduced into a world which is composed out of an overflow of imagination. They become solecisms; either they kill the book or the book kills them. The unforgivable artistic sin in a novelist is the failure to maintain his tone. This was a sin which Henry James never committed. His characters always belong to his own world; his world is always congruous with his characters. What sort of a world was it? And what were its relations to our common experience which made it so interesting to us? The answers to these two questions, which the work of every creative artist prompts, need not be separated. If the analyst succeeds in answering the one he will suggest the answer to the other.

We have begun by emphasizing Henry James's creative power, because in every novelist of whom that faculty can be predicated at all it is always the most important thing. Yet in his case it has often been overlooked. Most critics have found in his work so much else to interest them—his style,

his methods, his subtlety—that from what they have written it might be supposed that his main distinction lay in being either a psychologist, or an observer, or an inventor of a new impressive, fascinating, but, according to many, a not altogether defensible, style. Yet to regard him primarily as an observer or psychologist or a maker of phrases is not only to belittle him, but to make the same mistake as we did when first Ibsen came into our ken. It seems hardly credible that we should have taken Ibsen, for a realist, but we did. Despite his rat wife, wild duck, towers, and ice-churches; despite the strange intensity of his characters, which alone might have put us on the right track; despite the queer deep-sea stillness and pressure of the element in which they had their being and the vivid, perverse commonness of the objects surrounding them, as of things perceived in some uncomfortable dream, we fought his battle under the banner of realism. Because his characters threw such a vivid light on human nature and our own predicaments we took them for studies from life. And yet we knew all the time what we meant by "an Ibsen character" as clearly as we knew what "a Dickens character" meant. The fact that we can also be understood when we speak of a "Henry James character" is a proof that his imagination, too, was essentially creative.

Most great novelists have given to their creations an excess of some characteristic, usually the one predominant in themselves. Thus Meredith's characters are filled to an unnatural degree with the beauty and courage of life, while Balzac gives to his a treble dose of will and appetite. The men and women in Henry James's novels, the stupid as well as the intelligent, show far subtler powers of perception than such men and women actually have. It was only by exaggerating, conscious-

ly or unconsciously, that quality in them that he could create the world which satisfied his imagination. But with this exception his work is unrivaled for its delicate actuality. His men and women are no more heroic or single-hearted or more base than real people, and, granted their superior thought-reading faculties and the concentration of their interests, events follow one another as they would in real life. The reader may sometimes find himself saying, "No one without corroborative evidence would act on such a far-fetched guess as that"; but he will never find himself saying (granted the subtlety of these people) "That is not the way things happened." Whether his characters are children of leisure and pleasure, jaded journalists, apathetic or wily disreputables, hard-working or dilatory artists, they are all incorrigibly preoccupied with human nature, with watching their own emotions and the complex shifting relations and intimate dramas around them. There is a kind of collected self-consciousness and clairvoyance about them all; they watch, they feel, they compare notes. There is hardly a minor character in his later books, not a butler or a telegraph clerk, who, if he opens his lips twice, does not promptly show the makings of a gossip of genius. There are other generalizations to be made about the people of Henry James's world equally important, but this is the most comprehensive. Here it has a claim to a certain priority, not on æsthetic grounds, but because it leads to the center of our subject. What is Henry James's case with the determining impulse which made him create the particular world he did?

In the astonishing record of imaginative adventure, "The American Scene," he continually refers to himself as "the restless analyst," and he speaks of himself as a man "hag-ridden by the twin demons of observation and imag-

ination." The master-faculty of Henry James was without doubt his power of going into his impressions, going into them not only far, but, as they say in Norse fairy tales, "far and farther than far." Indeed, there are only two other novelists whom a passion for finality in research and statement has so beset, for whom the assurance that everything that there was to be said had indeed been at any rate attempted, was the sole condition of a Sabbath's rest: Balzac (with whom the later Henry James had more sympathy than any other fellow-craftsman) and Dostoevsky, both very different men, both laboring in other continents. Dostoevsky's subject is always the soul of man, and ultimately its relation to God; his deepest study is man as he is when he is alone with his soul. In Henry James, on the contrary, the same passion of research is directed to the social side of man's nature, his relations to his fellowmen. The universe and religion are as completely excluded from his books as if he had been an eighteenth-century writer. The sky above his people, the earth beneath them, contains no mysteries, for them; he is strangely careful never to permit them to interrogate these: their sky is the great architectural dome of civilization, their earth its ancient mosaic. Mr. Chesterton has called Henry James a mystic; the truth is that he is perhaps the least mystical of all writers who have ever concerned themselves patiently with the inner life. It is not the mystical (the mystical would have shattered his world) which attracts him, but a very different thing—the mysterious: namely, whatever in life fascinates by being hidden, ambiguous, illusive, and hard to understand. And this brings us again immediately in front of the question—What was his directing impulse as an artist? It was to conceive the world in a light which (a religious interpretation of

man's nature being excluded) would give most play to his master faculty of deep investigation. It was a desire, or shall we say the necessity in him, to see people in a way which made them and their emotions and their relations to each other as wonderful and inexhaustible subjects as possible for the exploring mind. A formula for a great writer is justly suspect to a critical reader; but entertain this for a moment on approval; it may be the pattern in the carpet.

It suggests an explanation, in the first place, of his choice. His long career was a continual search for more and more recondite and delicate subjects. He begins with cases of conscience, in which already the shades seemed fine to his contemporaries, and the verdicts went by evidence that would not have carried weight for the minds of twelve good men and true. The formula explains his early fondness—long before he had found a method of constructing an inexhaustible world of recondite possibilities—of ending with that substitute for mystery, the note of interrogation. It explains the excitement in his discovery of Europe, and especially of the secluded corners of European society where dark deposits of experience might be postulated without extravagance in its members. It explains his passionate interest in the naive consciousness of his Americans confronted with people of more complex standards and traditions. Did they or did they not understand? It explains his later interest in children, in whom it is more puzzling to fix the moment of the dawn of comprehension; his constant marked preference for faithful failures over the comparatively soon exhausted and rather obvious interest of success. It explains in a measure his comparative lack of interest in the life of the senses (there is no mystery in the senses compared with the mind); his efforts to keep in the

background, so that they may gather in more impenetrable portentousness, the crude facts sometimes necessary to them, adultery, swindles, and even murder, which had nevertheless for the sake of the story to go through the empty form of occurring. It explains the attraction the magnificently privileged class had for his art, his Olympians, whose surroundings allowed latitude to the supposition of a wonderfully richer consciousness, and by the same reason the almost total exclusion from his world of specimens of laboring humanity, to whom no such complexity can be with any plausibility attributed; a dustman in the world of Henry James is an inconceivable monster. It accounts too, for the blemishes in his books; his refusal to admit that such a thing as a molehill can exist for a man with eyes in his head, and (how it seems to fit!) for his reluctance, even when occasion demanded it, to call a spade anything so final, dull, and unqualified as a spade. It explains the fascination of his style, which conveys so amazingly the excitement of the quest, the thrill of approaching a final precision of statement. And above all it explains why he came to endow his men and women more and more with his own penetration, tenderness, and scrupulousness, till at last he had created a world worthy of his master faculty, in which beings confronted each other who saw volumes in each other's gestures and profundities in each other's words, who took joy in each other's insight, like brave antagonists in each other's strength, who could exclaim about each other with justice that they were "wonderful" and "beautiful," and who belonged to each other or fought each other on levels of intimacy which had never yet been described.

The words which he found to describe those in this world which he loved are unrivaled for delicacy and for the mystery of character they reveal. It

is his method to present them through some other character dowered with his own power of appreciation. Mrs. Stringham in "The Wings of the Dove" is the medium through which we first catch a glimpse of Milly. She is first conscious of the immense rich extravagant background of New York from which Milly springs, the luxuriance of which "the rare creature was the final flower"; then of "a high, dim charming ambiguous oddity which was even better" in Milly herself, who seemed on top of all that to enjoy boundless freedom, the freedom of the wind in the desert—"it was unspeakably touching to be so equipped and yet to have been reduced by fortune to little humble-minded mistakes." It is thus that the characters in Henry James's world appreciate the romance of each other, and thus is it he describes their charms and mysteries himself:—

She had arts and idiosyncrasies of which no great account could have been
The Times.

given, but which were a daily grace if you lived with them; such as the art of being almost tragically impatient and yet making it light as air; of being inexplicably sad and yet making it clear as noon; of being unmistakably gay and yet making it as soft as dusk.

Although his world is peopled with cleverer men and women than any other novelist's, the crown does not go to the clever. It is tempting even to describe him as an inveterate moralist, who, finding ordinary scales too clumsy to weigh the finer human qualities, employs instead æsthetic weights and measures. The consequent reversal of verdict was always one of his favorite themes. "There are no short cuts," he seems to say, "to being beautiful." You must be really good. To attempt to express in a sentence the effect of his art upon our lives: he has made us understand better the meaning of intimacy and the beauty of goodness.

THE BOAR'S FOOT.

By MRS. BRIAN LUCK.

CHAPTER II.

In the afternoon he was rewarded for a morning of patience and of research in the less-frequented cafés. In front of an unpretentious hostel overlooking the sea, and on the Condamine side, he found his prey—having beer, to be sure, but, thank Heaven! alone.

Like a flash of lightning, a brilliant scheme, a perfect scheme—oh! but a scheme in a thousand—entered the Frenchman's head. "Bah!" he muttered. "To know him is to know all, and that is well worth an old camera and some clouded plates." And he went back to his hotel.

A quarter of an hour later he reappeared, bearing a camera—a large one—strung round him most insecurely

by a string. This string was cut through in one part to all but a thread, and this cut part he held firmly between his finger and thumb. He approached the café, and made his way to a table at the back. As he came close to the table occupied by his quarry he stopped a moment. "*Garçon*," he called, "a bock."

He let loose the string.

Plak!

Down came the camera, first on to the marble-topped table, and then smack on to the pavement. The glass shutter was broken in a thousand pieces. Also, the beautiful golden bock in front of the customer was upset, the glass smashed into fragments, and foam and beer and broken crystal made a mess on the marble.

"Pardon, monsieur! a thousand pardons! I offer you my sincere apologies for an unpardonable carelessness. I"—

"Not at all, not at all; it is of no consequence."

Achille still stood bowing and apologizing, but with a grace and dignity that astonished even himself.

"Pray accept my excuses," he begged with an unrivaled blend of grief and friendliness.—"*Garçon*, another bock."

"Oh, that's all right," said Donald pleasantly; "but I am afraid your camera is done for, and the plates inside too."

"Ah! *mes plaques, mes plaques!*" cried Achille, lying with inspiration. "And two of them were of Sir Donald Carnegie, a friend of mine. What misfortune! But I can easily take him again. It does not matter *vair* much." And slowly, very slowly, so as to let the last sentences percolate to the brain of his hearer, he began to open the camera and take out the plates. He laid one down on the little table. Then with his left leg he skilfully hooked forward one of the café chairs and sat down on it, still very busy with the camera and bending over the plates.

He purred within himself at the success of his trap.

And now a bright thought came to the young man who sat opposite him. What a rum thing that this very man should tumble up against him! The very man he wanted to know. He remembered having seen him yesterday, and also that afternoon, and he recollected with whom he was. What a bit of luck!

"All the plates smashed?" he inquired.

"No, monsieur. Two are safe. But, alas! it does not *vair* much matter; they were all failures. And I who hoped so much, so much, to have a little *souvenir* of my friend!" And Achille sighed and stared at the broken glass.

"Did you say they were of—of Sir Donald Carnegie?"

The tone of indifference was not lost on Achille. He knew that with a Briton it often represents interest.

"*Mais oui*," he said absently, "Sir Donald Carnegie. You may have met him in Scotland; it seems to be a small country, where everyone is cousin to everyone else, and very proud of it. We stay at the same hotel. A charming man, ah, certainly!"

"I used to know him," said the other in an even voice; "but I've not seen him for some time. Know him well?"

Now when Achille had been asked this by the American woman he had hedged. He did not hedge now. He lied.

"Oh, *vair* well."

A pause.

Achille drank his bock.

"It is a curious sing that Sir Donald must know *vair* many more English here than I know French, yet we go about together; though last year the place was brighter than this," he added inconsequently. "Monsieur is staying here?"

Donald seemed to wake up. "Yes; that is, for a few days. I am yachting with some people, and something has gone wrong with the propeller. So I came here to have a look at the tables, you know."

"*Parfaitement*. And how beautiful it is, monsieur! Look at that lovely bay, and the sun, and the color."

And indeed it was lovely. Long, level lines of grays and blues lay on the water, ribbons of lavender, bands of pearl. The great glare of the day was gone. A soft light fell on the buff-colored houses all along the bay and on the grayish-greenish road toward Cap St. Martin. The sky was calm and transparent as the sky of an early Italian picture. There was a clarity and a repose in the gentle evening air.

"Yes, to sink," pursued Achille, "of all zose who come here and look not at the beauties of nature, but at the green fields of the gaming-table. Sir Donald, he rarely plays. He collects coins."

"I believe he does," said Donald; "especially French ones—Provençals, that is. He has, or had, a very valuable one from Nîmes."

"Ah, you know something about coins, then?"

"No, no; nothing. But what made me think of it was that, funnily enough, I bought a fake, a forgery, of one of these coins today."

"Ah! how interesting! How do you know it is a forgery—a fake you call it?"

"The man told me," said Donald, fumbling for it. "He sold it to me as an imitation, and I rather like the thing, so I got it. My"—He stopped suddenly.

Achille looked at the coin, and as he did so a great and illuminating thought flashed over him. "*Poudre de Perlimpinpin!*" he murmured; "it is thou who art a genius, Achille Gaston Beaulande, descendant of Clovis!"

"Will you permit me to see it?" And he took the coin between his finger and thumb. He turned it round; he peered at it; he screwed his eyes up and his mouth down.

"Dear sir," he began slowly and impressively, "this is no imitation. It is *genuine*."

"Genuine! It can't be. I got it from Gobert at the corner of the square, and he knows all about them. He sold it as a reproduction. He would know, because there are only seven in the world."

"Then monsieur does know about them?"

"Oh, no. I rather liked the thing, you know."

"I have something to propose," began Achille, and he looked solemn and

impressive. "My suggestion is zis: We were speaking just now of Sir Donald Carnegie. As you know, he is an authority on these matters. I do not know vairy much, but I am perfectly sure, nevertheless, that this is genuine. Now, if you will have the great kindness to allow me to have it for a few hours, I will take it to him and get his advice on it. You would abide by that, I think, and conseeder it conclusive?"

"Yes."

"*Voilà!* Let it be so. Without doubt, I say, the thing is genuine—without doubt. I am a friend of Sir Donald; but of course I present you as well with my card"; and he whipped out a largish visiting-card.

Now, seeing this card, Donald knew he was bound to produce his own. That he did not wish to do.

"Not at all—not at all," he said uncomfortably, and refraining from looking at the pasteboard.

"*Mais, monsieur*, I pass my *carte*. I am an apple-grower from Picardy."

It was the most crafty thing Achille could have said. He thus obliged the other man to do what he did not wish to do. And his companion's card was passed to him. It was inscribed, "Mr. Donald Carnegie."

"You see it is the same name," said the young man, trying to smile, and making a mull of it. "As you said just now, Scotland is a small place, and most people are cousins."

"Ah, vairy interesting! Then you also are cousins?" asked Achille blandly.

"No," with an effort; "but we are connected."

"Connected! It is such an amusing word, it always makes me laugh. But regard. The light fades on the bay, the blue turns itself to mauve, and the gold to brown. It becomes cold, and I must re-enter before the damp and the cheel on the liver. I take the

precious coin, and I give you *rendezvous* for here, tomorrow morning, at eleven o'clock. Is that to you pleasure?"

"Certainly; anything you like," said Donald, rising, and looking more than ever like the old man. "It's really very good of you to take all that trouble."

"Ah, I beg of you! Tomorrow at eleven, then. *Au plaisir!*" And with a beautiful bow Achille went off, delighted at having no successfully landed his fish.

His fish meanwhile walked to the edge of the little parade and stared at the sea. "Oh, damn it all!" he said impatiently, and walked along to the tramway to Ville Franche.

Achille, sauntering home, reflected on his adventure. Not a cousin. A nephew, perhaps; but far more likely a son. The son—the only son. The name was the same, then—both baptismal and surname. Even though Scotland was a small country, populated chiefly by cousins, certainly there were some fathers and sons among the cousins. And what, after all, had that young man done?

After dinner he asked to see the precious coin.

"You promised, monsieur, to show me that crocodile coin one day," he began. "It would bore you, would it, to show it me tonight?"

"Not at all—not at all; come along to my room," said Sir Donald.

And, once in his room, Achille realized what a passion it was to the old man. He had a case with him where a few bronze coins lay embedded in little sunk holes covered in velvet, and velvet pads over them that lifted up. How reverently Sir Donald lifted the pads by their ribbon and disclosed the treasures below! How gently he treated them! How affectionately he eyed them!

"Extraordinary!" cried Achille.

"And this," said Sir Donald, "is my greatest treasure of all. I would not

lose it for—well, I don't know what you could offer me for it." As he spoke he lifted with the utmost care a little pocket of velvet, and passed it across.

"Ah! The Foot of the Boar, as you say! Permit me to take it to the light." And Achille, holding as well the spurious coin in his hand, went nearer the electric light. For one second his back was toward his host. In that second he had exchanged one coin for the other. The reproduction now lay in the velvet bed, and the face with the crocodile was downward.

"Sank you—sank you vairy much. It is beautiful; it is perfect. A real treasure."

Sir Donald gave one look at his prize, and looked it up.

True to his appointment, at eleven o'clock the next day Achille was at the little café overlooking the sea; and he had not long to wait before his new friend turned up. He came along, a tall figure in white—white flannels, white socks and shoes—and a sun-browned face and sea-colored eyes; and in his eyes such a pleasant, frank smile that Achille's heart went out to him again. Here was something better than all the crocodile coins in the world.

"*Bon jour! bon jour!*" he cried. "You are to the moment, and I have news, but the best of news, to tell you. Regard the coin." And he pulled it out, and handed it over with a bow. "Regard, I say, for it is worth a fortune."

"Really? Fancy the thing being real!"

"Come over to this trellis," said Achille, "where we can look at the sea and talk. But put that treasure into your pocket, and a safe one, I implore, without a hole in it. Listen, then. I did not ask Sir Donald, but I have the opinion of a man whom I can absolutely trust"—this was himself—"and he is perfectly certain zat it is

genuine. He is a man in whose judgment I have implicit belief—far more so, indeed, than in Sir Donald, who is apt to mistake the real for the false, gold for pinchbeck, you understand.”

Donald nodded. They stood on the edge of the café, looking down at some gay little boats floating idly on the water. A green trellis half-covered with jasmine hid them from the street.

“*Mais oui*,” continued Achille, “the thing is genuine. However, to make the matter absolutely certain, let us go, see you, to the little Gobert at the corner. He will tell you yourself, or his partner Schenek, who knows more than Gobert does.”

“Right-o! We’ll go along. He’ll be pretty sick,” said Donald; “he sold it to me as a fake.”

“Then the fault is to him,” said the Frenchman. “He cannot expect it back, the rabbit!”

“Tell you what,” said Donald. “I’ll meet you there in half-an-hour. I leave Monte Carlo tomorrow.”

“You leave tomorrow? Is it indiscreet to ask why you go?”

“I am tired of the place.”

“And also,” said Achille kindly, “you do not wish to meet your father again.”

Donald suddenly stopped. They were walking along toward the casino under the trees, and now he stopped dead on the pavement. Then he went on again. “You are right,” he said rather stiffly. “How did you know? Did he tell you?”

“It is hot today. *Mon Dieu!* it is hot,” murmured Achille, and he stopped too, but by a bench under a tree, and subsided into it. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his face. “My friend,” he said, “you meet me yesterday, you leave me tomorrow. It is quite likely—is it not?—zat I shall never see you again. I know your father; I knew your mother. What harm, then, to tell me, who after all am

only a shallow and superficial Frenchman—to tell me what went wrong about zat woman?”

Donald had looked annoyed at first; but now the look gave way to surprise. Nevertheless, he sat down too.

“Then he did tell you?”

“He never told me a word. Zat, on my faith of a gentleman; he has told me nothing at all. I merely perceived it.”

“You are an extraordinary man.”

“Not at all—not at all. But listen. You may never see me again. For zat matter, you may never see your father again. Also, he is miserably unhappy.”

“He has got his coins.”

The young man spoke bitterly. Achille looked at him. Yes, there was something very far wrong, and he could not see his way clearly.

“Will you not tell me?” he asked again, and very kindly.

Now, if it had been an Englishman, or even one of his own countrymen, who had thus intruded on the young man’s private affairs and inquired about them, he would have been given but scant information, though he might have been given a flea in his ear. But this Frenchman was different. He was grave and sensible, and yet full of the Gallic charm that melts even insular hearts. Donald gave way.

“There’s not much to tell,” he said, “and it’s not the least good telling you. A year ago I wished to marry a certain lady, and became engaged. He refused to give his consent. So I told him I would marry without it. We had a bit of a row about it. Anyhow, I informed him I was going straight to marry her that week. So he said he would disinherit me, cut me off with a shilling, and all the things that you read of in books. Well, I went off, and was going to be married. Then I got the lawyer’s letter saying I was cut off out of everything, money and houses and things like that, you know,

And then, well—then the lady broke it off."

"Ah!" said Achilles. "And then what did you do?"

"I wrote telling my father that it—that she—that it was off, don't you know, and I got no answer."

"And what did you do then?"

"I went round the world."

Chambers's Journal.

(To be concluded.)

"He cannot have got your letter. Even if he hadn't, I do not understand it, for people must have told him that you were not married to the lady."

"He forbade anyone to mention my name," said Donald lucidly. "I told you we had a row."

Achille nodded his head two or three times. "Let us go on."

"MORAL."

The *moral* of troops was pronounced by Napoleon to be three times as important as numbers. No doubt when Napoleon said that he spoke in a figure, for he was also the author of the saying that God is on the side of the big battalions. But the emphasis was deliberate; Napoleon exaggerated in a sense, because he wanted to draw attention to the enormous importance of *moral*. We long ago took over the word from the French, and now it is on the lips of everyone. Unfortunately, as often as not we spell it wrong—with an "e." When the French talk of the discipline and spirit of troops they do not talk of their "*morale*." It would be right, however, to talk of the *morale* of the commercial world, meaning its character for straight-dealing. There never was a time when *moral* was more necessary to our soldiers than now, when they are engaged in a life-and-death struggle. Except for the Napoleonic wars, we have never engaged in a struggle comparable with the present war. And in point of the numbers which we put in the field, even the Napoleonic wars offer no comparison whatever. All other wars drew on only a small part of our man-power, and the *moral* of our Armies was a question for professional soldiers, not for the breakfast-table of every British household. Now men have become soldiers who have not

acquired the military tradition through years spent in drinking it in. Fortunately a standard of intelligence, higher than any known in previous Armies, has helped them extraordinarily. Their spirit is marvelous. But as no Army that ever existed reached to the full possible height of the practice of *moral*, so there is nothing on this subject which can be said to the present Armies that is flat and unprofitable.

There is a *moral* of the men and there is a *moral* of the officers. The *moral* of the men is partly a matter of environment and of food, and partly a matter of response to wise and inspiring leadership. It might pass for being automatic. Spirits which cannot be damped and which express themselves in songs, jokes, and laughter, even in the presence of "the Arch-Fear," seem to be the natural possession of our men. The *moral* of the officer is a more complicated and delicate thing to acquire, and in the most important sense it is possible that it cannot be taught. For it embodies the whole art of leadership, and everyone knows that there is a certain percentage of men who could never learn to lead their fellows. They may be worthy of all respect on almost every scene, but it is not their *métier* to be officers, and they should not be placed in that position.

There is a great number of young men, however, who may never have had the opportunity of "saying to this man, Go, and he goeth," but who now find it necessary to give orders every day. If they have the mental and social knack of leadership, it will develop itself into a power through the use and expansion of a few small hints. For nothing is more true than that the officer is tested by the way in which he says "Go" (or in the most vital cases "Come on"), and the way in which his men respond to his orders. They will respond with speed and confidence, or with hesitation and misgiving, according as they believe in him or mistrust him. Those who are teachable can be taught the little artifices of managing men, and it should be laid on somebody to say all that can be said usefully and practically on the subject to every youth before he is promoted to the rank of an officer.

We have before us an excellent pamphlet called *Moral: the Most Important Factor in War* (London: Sifton, Praed, and Co.; 6d. net), by Lieutenant-Colonel W. Shirley, who has been an Instructor at Sandhurst, Director of Military Studies at Cambridge, and Commandant of the 2d Artists' Rifles O. T. C. It is not only a well-written lecture, but is full of the right feeling. "I exhort you," he says to the budding officers, "to go forth as the Champions of Right, not as the Avengers of Wrong. It is right to destroy wickedness, but to stoop to retaliation is to sink to the level of the malefactors we execrate. Vow to execrate these abominations from the face of civilization even at the risk of your life, for you know 'the thing that matters is not how long life lasts but what you do with it.'" Moral forces, he goes on, are intangible, occult. They are "courage, intelligence, initiative, resourcefulness, training, discipline, pride, cheerfulness, temper,

respect, tenacity, religion, patriotism, love, will-power." He resolutely refuses to believe that a good officer, as a general principle, is born and not made. The fairest field will grow weeds instead of wheat if it is not cultivated, and a sterile field will grow wheat if it is cultivated. He complains that there is a general disinclination to discuss fear, although that is the moral factor which is more potent for evil than any other. Practically every man is susceptible to fear. We suppose that about one man in ten thousand is really "fearless" in the sense that dangers, rightly called terrible, produce in him a sense of exhilaration which is the equivalent of positive enjoyment. He is made that way; it is for him a most fortunate accident. Again, there may be four or five men in every hundred who are so little shaken by fear that it is no burden upon them. They are conscious of the presence of the terrible thing, but are not in the least harassed by it. Then come the vast majority of men—those who are sensitively susceptible to fear, but whose self-respect (whose *moral*) is proof against any possibility of their being betrayed by it. They do not want to die, but they would much rather die than be seen to flinch. At the very bottom of the scale we imagine that there are a few, a very few, misérables whose moral strength is incapable of overcoming fear; they are men who would sustain any disgrace—plead any fantastic excuse before a recruiting tribunal—rather than submit themselves to great bodily danger. Colonel Shirley says:—

"Practically every man is susceptible to fear; it is the skeleton in every soldier's cupboard. The first and commonest form of fear is a vague dread of the enemy, but comfort yourselves—he is even more afraid of you than you can be of him. Consider your points of superiority: better physique,

better shooting, better training, greater self-reliance and resourcefulness, and a better cause. 'Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.' There are physical methods of overcoming this type of fear, such as movement, or firing, or both. In fact, keep your men's minds and bodies occupied and you will succeed to a great extent in eliminating this kind of fear. Smartness of carriage and dress is very important as indicative of self-respect, method, pains, precision, punctiliousness, punctuality. The man who is particular about his person is probably particular about his duties. I maintain that, *ceteris paribus*, the better dressed line will always win. Emulation and *esprit de corps* are also valuable factors, but must not be confused with those vulgar vices, jealousy and cheap swagger, which are so destructive of respect, confidence, contentedness, and comradeship. Respect is a valuable moral factor, but it must begin at home—if you do not respect yourself you must not expect others to respect you."

Comradeship, as no one needs to be told, is characteristic of the British Army. The men—and there are not many exceptions to the rule—like their officers, believe in them, and habitually praise them. How can the officer be the best friend of his men, and mix freely with them, and yet maintain his position? This is the problem which is at the very root of the officer's *moral*. It might seem to involve that elusive and unteachable thing, a feat of tact. But Colonel Shirley certainly gives the right answer when he says that the officer must see to it that he is as superior to his men in all moral qualities as he is in rank. For "rank is but the guinea's stamp," which may be set as easily on dross as on gold. Another excellent maxim is that the officer (this has been an invariable practice in the British Army for many years) should attend to his men's wants before he sees to his own. If an officer does that, he may safely be weighted by some

incompetence, for his men will never desert him. They will stand by him through thick and thin.

The border-line which divides a constant and proper strictness from nagging might also seem to be capable of being traced only by a man of tact. But Colonel Shirley is ready with a solvent for ordinary use. "Make certain whether mistakes are made through ignorance or carelessness." One sort may be the officer's own fault; he may have failed in clearness. The other sort deserves the sharpest reproof. And it should never be forgotten that no honest soldier has a grievance, or pretends to have one, when he is blamed for what he knows to be his own fault. He has no grudge against an officer who is strict if he be also just. As a Rugby boy once said of a famous Head-Master, "He is a beast—but a just beast." What men in the ranks cannot stand is injustice and variability of temper, so that they never "know where they are."

One of the wisest of the maxims is that a young officer should make himself "infallible in drill." Everyone can do this. However else he may fail, it is within his compass, by means of unyielding application, to know the *Manual of Infantry Training* backwards. He can then bear himself on the drill-ground with an assurance which cannot fail to impress his men. Half the battle of *moral* is then won.

There is much else we should like to quote, but we must end with the supremely important advice about "the spirit of the offensive." The officer must have not merely the "tenacity" which is proverbially said to be the virtue of the British Army, but an "aggressive tenacity." He must be the creator, not the creature of situations. Men can so saturate themselves with the "will to conquer" that, even if they fail of conquest, they can at least render themselves in a real sense in-

vincible. Illustrating his meaning, Colonel Shirley says:—

"I should like to give you one more instance. One of my pupils at Cambridge was a giant in size and strength and a first-class rowing man. I asked the coach what sort of an oar he was. 'The best on the River,' he replied. 'Then,' said I, 'I suppose he will get his blue.' 'Not he,' said the coach, 'he has got no devil.' That's it, gentlemen, Devil's the thing that does the
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trick. You get Devil, drive, push, and hell-fire into your men, and neither the Devil nor the Angel Gabriel with all his Principalities and Powers will ever stop them."

It was Napoleon, we think, who said that he would rather have an army of stags led by a lion than an army of lions led by a stag; and in quality of leadership that is the whole truth of the matter.

THE BLOCKADE AND THE NEUTRALS.

The United Kingdom has 121,000 square miles and 45,000,000 inhabitants, according to the last Census, and the German Empire 209,000 square miles and 65,000,000 inhabitants. Per square mile there are 372.6 people in the United Kingdom, 311.0 in Germany, and 191.2 in France. The density of population is almost as great in Germany as in the United Kingdom, and is considerably more than 50 per cent greater in Germany than it is in France. Owing to the great density of the German population the country is not self-supporting. The German people are almost as dependent on their foreign trade as are the British.

Before the war the foreign trade of Germany came to about 150,000,000 tons per annum, or to 500,000 tons for every working day of the year. By converting this daily load of 500,000 tons into wagon-loads of 10 tons, or into train-loads of 200 tons, we can best visualize the gigantic extent and vast importance of Germany's foreign trade. It should be noted that more than two-thirds of Germany's foreign trade was oversea trade. How gigantic Germany's requirements of foreign goods are may be seen by the fact that she imported on an average per year 500,000 tons of cotton, 250,000 tons of wool, 200,000 tons of coffee, etc.

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Of coffee alone Germany requires per year a thousand large train-loads.

The German General Staff and all the world anticipated a short war. If, immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, Germany had been closely blockaded, the war might perhaps have ended before now. It is of course easy to reproach the British Government after the event with lack of energy and foresight. At the same time it must be remembered that sweeping measures which may easily be stated in theory are not always practicable. During many months Germany received vast quantities of supplies not only by way of her neutral neighbors in the North, but also via Italy, which then was neutral. The immediate institution of an absolutely effective and complete blockade might have led to very serious and most unwelcome political consequences.

The present war is a war of Might against Right. Not only for political, but also for ethical reasons, caution was needed in using the dangerous and two-edged weapon of the blockade. An insufficient consideration of the feelings of neutrals has before now led to grave consequences. During the struggle between England and the North American Colonies, France and Spain, a few intriguers succeeded in inducing the

Empress Catherine the Great to adopt against her will an anti-British policy. Thus she opposed, misled by one of her advisers, the British blockade policy. Russia was joined by Sweden, Austria, Prussia, and other neutrals. The celebrated Armed Neutrality League was formed, and it wrought the greatest mischief. Germany no doubt hoped to create another Armed Neutrality League, but she failed owing to the clumsy attitude of her agents, to the character of her warfare, and to the cautious blockade policy adopted in the beginning by this country.

The British blockade policy is certain to be opposed in neutral countries to the end of the war, whether England follows a strict or a generous policy. Even if the English Fleet should prevent only the most insignificant trifle of Germany's trade from being carried on as in peace time, the German agents abroad would do their best to incite the neutral nations against this country simply because Germany requires allies, and would welcome a diversion. Besides, neutral merchants whose goods are seized or turned back would loudly protest, and their protests would be supported by other merchants who are merely suffering through the war, but not through the British blockade. A blockade, however generous, cannot be carried on with the general consent of neutrals. That is perfectly evident.

From the news which reaches this country it is clear that the economic position of Germany is becoming increasingly serious, owing partly to the greater stringency of the blockade, partly to other reasons which have hitherto been overlooked by most people who have considered the subject. Germany produces, as I have frequently shown, about three times as much vegetable and animal food per acre as does this country. Germany has an extremely intensive agriculture, and intensive agricultural production

requires a very great application of human labor, animal labor, and manure to the land. Human labor has been enormously diminished by the requirements of the army, and the prisoners who are forced to work on the land work half-heartedly and produce comparatively little. Enormous numbers of horses have been destroyed in the war, and as millions of cattle had to be slaughtered for lack of imported feed, ploughing must have been largely neglected. In peace time Germany imported 120,000 horses per year. The stoppage of that trade alone affects Germany very seriously. Last, but not least, the absence of imported mineral manures and the reduction of animal manures consequent upon the reduction in the number of horses and cattle must diminish production per acre. The reduced productivity of German agriculture owing to lack of men, animals, and manure may be seen by the fact that the German beet-sugar industry, which produces normally about 2,000,000 tons of sugar and about 15,000,000 tons of cattle feed, has been reduced to about one-half.

Owing to the decrease in the productivity of Germany's agriculture and the shrinkage in the accumulated stocks of raw materials the British blockade is becoming increasingly effective from day to day, and the question has been discussed whether a further tightening of the blockade is advisable, whether it will tend to an earlier conclusion of the war, or whether it is likely to create dangerous dissatisfaction among the neutral States. The principal neutral countries which have to be considered are the United States, which could supply Germany with much of the cotton, wool, copper, grain, etc., which she requires, and Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, whose citizens could pass through these commodities with vast profit to themselves. Let us consider the probable attitude of these countries

in case the British blockade should still further be tightened, and let us at the same time discriminate between these neutral States and their merchants.

After all Germany has done, it is absolutely inconceivable that an American Government should virtually conclude an alliance with Germany directed against England, however close the blockade may become and however much individual American traders may be inconvenienced or may pretend to be inconvenienced. Germany's policy of frightfulness has defeated itself. The United States have begun to see in Germany a danger not only to Europe, but to themselves. An effective opposition to the British blockade policy might ultimately recoil upon the American people. Hence America is not likely to oppose Britain's blockade policy, however stringent.

Holland, Denmark, and Sweden are economically in almost an identical position. All three are dependent for their very existence on foreign imports. The principal imports of Holland and Sweden are food and fuel, and the principal imports of Denmark are feed for the huge Danish herds and fuel. If one of the three countries should seriously oppose the British blockade policy it would virtually become an ally of Germany. It would presumably be blockaded. Germany, which at present receives a good many commodities from her neutral neighbors in the North, would be deprived of a source of supply and would be obliged to share her scanty store with her new allies, who would be starving unless rescued by Germany. Not only Holland, Denmark, and Sweden must view with dread the possibility of seeing themselves blockaded by this country, but Germany itself must fear such an event. Hence she is likely to urge her northern neighbors to pursue a policy of moderation. It can scarcely be Germany's

aim to see her northern neighbors involved in the blockade. Their active support of Germany would merely result in facilitating the task of the British Fleet and depriving Germany of part of her foodstuffs and raw materials which she would have to send to her new allies in the North.

Although the three neutral States in the North occupy economically a strangely similar position, their attitude differs in accordance with their history and tradition. Holland obviously desires to observe an attitude of the strictest neutrality. She is satisfied with her territorial position. She cannot greatly profit by the war. Denmark on the other hand remembers her spoliation of 1864, and numerous Danes desire that their Danish brothers in Schleswig-Holstein should be reunited to them. While Holland is interested in the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, most Danes not unnaturally desire that the Entente Powers should be victorious, for only their victory can lead to a reunion of the Danes.

The position of Sweden is a peculiar one. In the seventeenth century Sweden and France were the two leading Continental Great Powers. They controlled jointly the German Empire in accordance with the stipulation of the Peace of Münster. Sweden declined because Charles XII, like another William II, rashly embarked upon a war which was beyond the strength of the nation, and Sweden lost vast territories to Russia and Germany. In search of ice-free ports Russia endeavored to obtain an outlet on the Baltic. She wrested from the Swedes the territory occupied at present by Petrograd, and as the Russian capital lies on the borders of Finland it was perhaps not unnatural that Russia endeavored to secure it by acquiring Finland as well. Russia's growth at Sweden's cost and the neighborhood of

that powerful State have affected the relations between Sweden and Russia. Russia is not popular in Sweden, and Sweden could conceivably effect a diversion by invading Finland and threatening Petrograd. Many Swedes have

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advocated Sweden's participation in the war on Germany's side. However, the bulk of the nation is not unnaturally opposed to such an adventurous policy, which might have the most disastrous consequences.

J. Ellis Barker.

TIME'S WHIRLIGIG IN MEXICO.

Just when the United States required to be strong to hold its own against the shocks of the European War, an aggravation of the chaos in Mexico has compelled President Wilson to send a "punitive expedition" thither. Its object is to catch and punish the notorious General Villa, whose outrages on American life and property have at last come to be reckoned intolerable. The first columns to cross the frontier are expected to comprise about 4,000 American troops. But 20,000 are to be at the general's disposal; and some American Army authorities fear that far more may be finally needed. The dry and spacious Mexican plateau is for military purposes like nothing so much as the South African veldt, and the tactics in vogue are those of the Boers. A small number of armed raiders, well mounted and inured to the country, may, as we found in South Africa, tax the efforts of a very large army indeed to corral them and run them down. It is suggested in some quarters that the sharpening of the Mexican situation is due to intrigues by Germans. Certainly it suits their book very well, and it is pretty well established that they worked to increase the Mexican embarrassments of the United States in 1914.

The Mexican situation cannot be understood without a clear retrospect. Down to 1911 Mexico had been for over a generation under Porfirio Diaz, a despot who secured civilized order and material progress by drastic co-

ercion. At the end of 1910 Francisco Madero rose against him; in May, 1911, Diaz retired by agreement, and in November of that year Madero was elected President. This rapid revolution was attributed on the surface to the wickedness of Diaz's despotism and the nobleness of Madero's liberalism but the real explanation seems to have been that Madero was financed by American capitalists, to whom Diaz had made it his policy to refuse concessions. The fighting, as is usual in wars between rival Mexicans, was waged chiefly by golden bullets. Madero's Liberal program embraced universal suffrage and pure government; but he got himself elected President on a poll of a few thousands, and he put over one hundred of his relatives into lucrative Government offices. His numerous American admirers—both the intriguers of Standard Oil and the sentimentalists of the Press—turned a blind eye on these last features of his administration.

Madero's short reign was a long series of rebellions. Zapata, the savage leader of a *jacquerie* in the mountain state of Morelos, alternately defied his armies and accepted his hush-money. Orozco, his chief general against Diaz, revolted and was finally suppressed for him by Diaz's old general, Huerta. Diaz's nephew, Felix, headed a rising which failed. A second rising by him in February, 1913, led to a street-war in the capital; at the end of which Huerta intervened and joined Diaz in deposing

Madero, who a few days afterwards was murdered. At this time Mr. Taft was still the American President, and his Ambassador in Mexico was in agreement with the ambassadors of practically all the other Powers as to the desirability of "recognizing" the Huertist Government as early as possible. The great need was for a restoration of order; Huerta had shown himself capable of restoring it, and no one else had; and while his complicity in Madero's murder was doubtful, it was impossible for civilized observers on the spot to share the view of remote American rhetoricians that Madero was a saint and a martyr.

But at that juncture in came President Wilson, with Mr. Bryan as his Secretary of State. The mental world in which Mr. Bryan lived was precisely that in which Madero's sainthood was most venerated. Accordingly, the United States refused recognition to General Huerta, and adopted a policy of "watchful waiting," with the avowed object of "eliminating" him. The result was that Huerta was unable to raise money; and while the United States thus prevented him from ending the civil war, it took no steps to end it itself. The rebel leaders, Carranza and Villa, received a good deal of private American support, but there was no finality in their arms; Villa, the hero of American democrats, was in reality a mere bandit, and Carranza a man of Madero's type, though rather less weak and less fond of idealist professions. The real strength of Huerta's position and his competence to restore order, if he had been given a chance, are best shown by the fact that he was not dislodged from his capital till July, 1914; although Mr. Wilson had brought every form of pressure to bear on him short of war, even going so far (April, 1914) as to seize by force the port of Vera Cruz, Huerta's chief source of customs revenue and foreign supplies.

Following his "elimination" came the European War, which has withdrawn attention at least in Europe from the subsequent failure of the United States policy. From that day to this the Mexican chaos has simply grown worse and worse; and there are now nearly three years of murder and pillage to be recorded as the direct outcome of Mr. Bryan's anti-Huertist sentimentalism and Mr. Wilson's inability to break away from the path into which it led him.

Mexican history since Huerta is not worth disentangling in detail. Villa and Carranza quarreled before Huerta left, and in October, 1914, their quarrel became war. Villa in the north allied himself with Zapata, the southern guerilla, whose mountain strongholds in Morelos are unpleasantly near Mexico City. In November the Americans evacuated Vera Cruz, whose holding had become purposeless; and in December the Zapatists entered the capital, which since August had been in the hands of the Carranzists. Their ferocious leader, who had been accustomed to kill the Morelos landowners by torture and boiling oil, set up a guillotine, and began an orgy of executions and confiscations. He was subsequently expelled, but throughout 1915 no decisive advantage was gained by any of the combatants. Towards the end of the year Mr. Wilson made a move by "recognizing" Carranza as President (though there was no question of his having been democratically elected, as it had been insisted that Huerta should be), not so much because his position had been in any real way consolidated, as because Villa had made himself finally impossible by his murders of Americans and his habitual brigandage. The step was resented by Villa as a blow aimed at him (he and Zapata had long before proclaimed Carranza a "rebel"), and it was not enough to prop Carranza. At the

present moment Carranza's hold is very weak; he dare not visit his capital for fear of a Zapatist raid, and his authority is challenged, not only by Villa and Zapata, but by generals of his own and by ever-recurring plots in favor of Felix Diaz. Meanwhile (and this is what has at last driven Mr. Wilson to his "punitive expedition") Villa has shown his contemptuous resentment against the United States by actually raiding across the frontier into Arizona and New Mexico, looting and burning American ranches and murdering their occupants.

The difficulty of a "punitive expedition" is that Mexicans will regard it as an American invasion. Carranza, to save his face, has proposed a reciprocal arrangement under which his forces and the American troops will both be allowed to pursue the Villists on either side of the frontier. To this Mr. Wilson has agreed, but it is doubtful how far it can salve Mexican feeling. Hatred for the Americans is almost the one common ground on which Mexicans will unite and fight bravely; and the danger is that the Carranzist soldiery may desert to Villa as soon as the latter appears to be the anti-American champion. At the same time, Washington may have some difficulties with Argentina, Brazil and Chile. These "A B C" republics were invited by Mr. Wilson in 1914 to play a mediating part between the United States and the Mexican parties; and a pretentious but useless conference was held with their representatives at Niagara. Since then the "A B C" States have had a sort of acknowledged right to be consulted. They regard all forcible interference by the United States with distrust, and

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would greatly resent any expansion of the "punitive expedition" into (what may prove inevitable) a general campaign to pacify the country.

The lesson of the whole muddle is the folly of letting sentiment obscure fact in foreign affairs, and of embarking on an avoidable course without any plan for dealing with the situation to which it must unavoidably lead. American sentimentalism (not uninfluenced by American oil interests) denounced the competent officer, Huerta, as a "murderer" (a title which he deserved, but which all other Mexican "generals" deserve also), and extolled the atrocious bandit, Villa, as a patriot democrat rightly struggling to be free. The American Administration acted on these false estimates, and went out of its way to interfere in Mexican affairs by refusing to recognize Huerta and demanding his "elimination." It thus destroyed the possibility of Mexican order being restored from within, while ostentatiously disclaiming any intention of restoring it from without. It ought to have known, not only that it was thus wilfully incurring a responsibility with one hand, while disowning it with the other, but that in the long run it could not be disowned. The immediate sufferer by Washington's anti-Huertist policy was Mexico, which it has condemned to nearly three years' misery and chaos. But the chaos was bound eventually to become intolerable for the United States itself, and to compel Mr. Bryan's ill-advised intervention of 1913 to be followed up by its logical corollary, an army. The irony of the situation is that it should be an arch-pacifist whose chickens have thus come home to roost.

WHAT ITALY HAS ACHIEVED.

The Supreme Command of the Italian Army recently issued a brief but eloquent summary of the results

achieved by the Italian forces up to the end of last year. Broadly speaking, the Italians have warded off by a

vigorous offensive the grave danger of invasion by a foe who possessed the principal lines of access to the Venetian and Lombard plains. They have forced back the enemy from positions which, at the opening of hostilities, gave him marked strategic advantages and placed the Italians at a corresponding disadvantage. They have destroyed fortresses and stormed heights that seemed militarily inaccessible. They have deprived the enemy of large and fertile tracts of country in the Trentino and on the right bank of the Isonzo; and, beyond the Isonzo, they have broken the formidable lines of defense built by Austria on the border of the Karst plateau, where they maintain a firm footing. Along the whole front the Austrians have had to submit to the Italian initiative, and while confining themselves, on the whole, to the defensive, and enjoying all the advantages which it confers upon well-armed troops, they have lost more than 30,000 prisoners, five guns, 65 machine guns, many thousands of rifles, and much war material. This result has been obtained in what is certainly the highest and most difficult of all the European theatres of war, amid floods, tempests, snowstorms, and extremes of temperature to which few of the Allied troops, save, perhaps, those of Russia and Serbia, have been exposed. The Italian Army may well look back with pride upon its deeds, and look forward with justified confidence to the future. It has gained for itself a place of honor among the armies defending the Allied cause—a place which these armies are glad and eager to recognize.

Nevertheless, a leading Italian journal reiterates an assertion which we have noticed in more than one report from Italy, that "Italy's efforts are not sufficiently appreciated by her Allies." It attributes much of the misunderstanding which it believes to exist abroad to the fact that Italy

has not yet declared war upon Germany; and it explains, in terms with which our readers are familiar, the circumstances and the reasons which have hitherto withheld the Italian Government from a declaration of hostilities upon the major foe. This is not a question which we feel competent to discuss. Each of the Allies has its own problems to solve within the framework of the general Alliance, and each must bring its contribution to the common stock in the way and at the moment that appear to it most opportune and best adapted to its resources and its position. But we demur to the conclusion that, because Italy has not yet felt able to make formal war upon Germany, her efforts are insufficiently appreciated by her Allies. We know what services Italy has rendered to the common cause—which is essentially anti-German, inasmuch as the war arose from the desire of Prussia-Germany to impose her will upon Europe with the help of Austria and her other dupes—both by her declaration of neutrality in August, 1914, and by her armed intervention against Austria last May. We know that the allied relationship previously existing between Italy, Austria, and Germany complicated her situation and impeded, though it could not prevent, the fulfilment of her wish to draw the sword with honor. We know how deficient was her military preparation and how arduous the task of bringing it up to the high level required in modern warfare. We know, moreover, that when her people decided last May to throw in their lot with the Allies they did not choose a moment that promised easy and rapid triumph, but entered the fray when the arms of the enemy seemed to be crowned with striking, albeit temporary, success. All these things are fresh in our minds and will not readily be forgotten. They form the basis of the solid and grateful confidence felt by the other Allies jointly and

severally in the ultimate triumph of the Italian, as of their own, forces over a tenacious and hard-fighting adversary.

Italy, like all the Allies, has had much, and may have still more, to learn in the fierce school of "guerra guerreggiata." The lesson of co-ordinating and synchronizing all our military and diplomatic efforts, though understood in theory, has not yet been fully mastered in fact. The need for economic co-operation has been acutely illustrated by the question of maritime freights and of coal supply, which has been, and is, causing the people of Italy serious inconvenience and some hardship. In this respect the Italians are doubtless entitled to chide us for some lack of imaginative foresight and for those practical defects in our conduct of the war of which our own Government have undoubtedly been guilty; though the blame is not entirely, or even chiefly, attributable to British shippers. These things can, must be, and we believe are being remedied. The sooner this is done the better will it be for all concerned. In other respects we have much to learn from Italy and her Government. The admirable discourses upon the war which Signor Barzilai, the Italian

The Times.

Minister without portfolio, whom we feel tempted to style "the Minister for Public Spirit," has been delivering in many Italian cities might well serve as a model to some of our own Ministers and political leaders, who have left the country too long without adequate analyses of our position or heartening definitions of our aims. The enthusiastic reception given to the eloquent speeches which the Premier, Signor Salandra, and Signor Ferdinando Martini, Minister for the Colonies, have also delivered at Florence and at Turin show how truly the heart of Italy beats with ours in the great task we have in hand. There has been in Italy a progressive rise in public feeling, a notable advance month by month in popular comprehension of the transcending issues for which the Allies fight. The claims of what Signor Salandra once called "sacred egoism" have become merged in the larger claims of European civilization and human right. Those who know Italy best and love her most rejoice unfeignedly in this revelation of the true Italian spirit—a spirit responsive to generous impulse and capable of extreme sacrifice for a noble end.

SOMEWHERE NEAR HELICON.*

The first of these books moves the heart because of its patriotic motive and burden. Poets of England and some poetasters, from Ben Jonson, Massinger and Lovelace to—never-mind-who, have given of their literary fruits to this good gathering. For the simple, democratic price of half-a-crown can be purchased this anthology, "The

Fiery Cross," which for its stirring and uplifting contents will be a source of spiritual and patriotic strengthening to these anxious days, and a treasury and reminder to the days to come.

What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?

The proceeds of the sale of this accessible, acceptable volume go to the Red Cross Fund. *Verb. sap.!*

Mr. Brend, for his "Freshets from the Hills," has seemingly gone toward

*"The Fiery Cross: An Anthology." Compiled by Mabel C. Edwards and Mary Booth. 2s. 6d. net. (Richards.)—"Freshets from the Hills." By Charles Cunningham Brend. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Earth-Lays, Geological and Other Moods." By Colin Tolly. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Spoon River Anthology." By Edgar Lee Masters. 6s. net. (Laurie.)

Helicon; but their waters are not particularly sparkling, and rather trickle than leap. He who would sing of Paganism and the gods and myths of Greece, needs power and inspiration in no small compass and degree. Mr. Brend is painstaking and earnest; but we must leave it at that. So, too, with "Earth-Lays." Mr. Tolly's instrument is not adequate to the occasion. His subject is no less than the universe of material existence. He stands at his telescope and moralizes on the stars; he wanders into an old quarry and moralizes on the forces of nature at work and play, with man as a mere nothing beside them; and so throughout the eight-and-twenty items of this well-produced book. His vision is far-reaching; his thought is sound and keen; but he would have done better to have printed his verse as prose, for prose it is, and verse not at all. The division into lines is merely arbitrary. Here, for example, is a passage taken by chance, printed as prose.

But there come sudden hours, when,
as it were, I crystallize and know myself
one with an Essence of the whole, im-
mutably. All flows again: but each
time, pure, I've known Eternity and
Time—forms of one Being.

What else is that but prose; so why
print it otherwise?

Our fourth book is a remarkable piece of work. That "Spoon River Anthology" will achieve anything like its deserts, is indeed, doubtful; but those who have read it carefully will not fail to appreciate its extraordinary quality. It has imperfections, of course; but what are they when its reality, ingenuity, irony, insight, vision are recognized. It is unique. It braves the conventions in ideas and form. It unmasks the human pose. The idea of the book is that the dead who lie in the graveyard of Spoon River tell the truth about their past life, its purposes,

vanities, hopes and end. The people of that American township were an ordinary lot, as humanity goes; but Mr. Masters shows how mankind, even when ordinary, is extraordinary indeed. Examples, however, are at present more helpful than comment, though to read the book is really the only thing. Says "Blind Jack," a wandering minstrel:

I had fiddled all day at the county fair,
But driving home "Butch" Weldy,
and Jack McGuire,
Who were roaring full, made me fiddle
and fiddle
To the song of *Susie Skinner*, while
whipping the horses
Till they ran away.
Blind as I was, I tried to get out
As the carriage fell in the ditch,
And was caught in the wheels and killed.
There's a blind man here with a brow
As big and white as a cloud.
And all we fiddlers, from highest to
lowest,
Writers of music and tellers of stories
Sit at his feet,
And hear him sing of the fall of Troy.

Although the form of the verse is that of Walt Whitman, it is in all other respects but stark sincerity different from his. It is more homely, although it treats of the infinities, and less prophetic in guise. Mr. Masters ventures to sing through the silence of the tomb, but necessarily sheds no light on the realities beyond; although in his later poems he does touch mystical heights and achieves the expression of spiritual beauty. These dead people, who out of the darkness speak, suggest that the old lost life was more real than their present. Says "the Village Atheist, talkative, contentious, versed in the arguments of the infidels":

Immortality is not a gift,
Immortality is an achievement;
And only those who strive mightily
Shall possess it.

We need, however, not pribble or prabble because Mr. Masters out of his daring cannot read the riddle—the riddle of death—that is infinitely more inscrutable than that of the Sphinx. He has done wonderfully as it is, and the manner in which he demonstrates the co-relation of contemporaries, however different their conditions, rich or poor, humble or pompous, debonair or simple, is most ingenious and suggestive. We and the next-door neighbor may be as ships that pass in the night, ignoring each other with stiff-necks, yet the gods who play with the vanities of human-kind find plenty of sport in hurling at us their irony; and, willy-nilly, we and his mightiness next-door may be brought together as closely as were Benjamin Pantier and Nig, his dog; or may come to such predicament as did Barney Hainsfeather:

The Bookman.

If the excursion train to Peoria
Had just been wrecked, I might have
escaped with my life—
Certainly I should have escaped this
place.
But as it was burned as well, they mis-
took me
For John Allen who was sent to the
Hebrew Cemetery
At Chicago,
And John for me, so I lie here.
It was bad enough to run a clothing
store in this town,
But to be buried here—*ach!*

No; mere quotation, mere recommen-
dation, are not enough to point the
varied and unusual quality of this book.
It is necessary to read, and then to re-
read it; read once, twice, or thrice it will
be found every time a joy and stimulus,
as I who pen this lame appreciation
have discovered.

C. E. Lawrence.

THE INFECTION OF FEAR.

Fear is communicable like an infectious disease. Suggestion and imagination are as powerful as the most virulent bacillus to plant a disease. We have all read of the bound and blindfolded man who, having had a knife passed harmlessly across his throat, and hearing water dropping into a pail, died because he believed that he was bleeding to death. Many of us have listened to the noise of rats or mice or cracking furniture, or the gurgling of water in pipes, in the stillness of the night, and imagined it to be the footfall of a burglar. We knew that burglars generally *are* rats or mice or cracking chairs or hissing cisterns, but on a particular night we told ourselves that the explanation had ceased to be true. Fancy defeated reason and experience. Among children fear is nearly always conveyed by suggestion. Children are proverbially afraid of darkness—"men fear death as chil-

dren fear to go in the dark"—and yet few children are afraid of darkness as such. They are afraid because they have been told by foolish persons of ogres, and bad fairies, and ghosts, and cruel policemen who come at night for naughty children who cry. Boys have been known to work with a malignant success upon the fears of another boy till they wrecked his nerve. It was fun to them, but nearly mental death to him. A man surrounded by conspirators, who talked and behaved as though they were all insane, would certainly doubt his own sanity before long. He might even lose it. For how do you judge or recognize sanity except by testing conduct with what appears to be normal? Make the abnormal appear the normal, and your standard is taken away and you yourself are lost. There is a well-known anecdote about a farmer who was induced to believe that his dog was a pig because every-

one whom he met on the road congratulated him on the fine appearance of the pig he was taking to market. Fainting, it has been said with as much truth as paradox, is infectious. Brain calls to brain in a packed crowd of sightseers on a sultry day; and when one woman faints, self-confidence diminishes at the signal on all sides, and the First Aid people are in for a busy time.

So it is with fear. Most people can be talked into a state of fear. A railway carriage full of people has been thrown into alarm because some one suggested that the train was traveling at a reckless speed. The ordinary jolts from an indifferent permanent way seemed to be the perilous leaps of an engine that kept the rails more by good luck than good management. Fear has spread among the passengers in a steamship because some idiotic person suggested, when the ship slowed down in a mist, that the captain did not know where he was. The idiot in such a case has a touch of the criminal, because he can have no evidence for what he says, and because no useful purpose can be served by his remark even if he speaks on any evidence. Nothing is more easy than to spread fear, and no one bears more responsibility in a crisis than the person who does it. Even if he have some facts on his side, he is diminishing the capacity of the crowd to bear themselves sensibly, quietly, and bravely when the moment of danger comes.

Now this is very much what some people are doing in England. They are spreading the infection of fear. The object of the fear is chiefly Zeppelins, and in a minor degree other aircraft of the enemy. We have nothing to say against those who appeal coolly and rationally for anti-aircraft defenses, provided that they recognize that the defenses must be in their proper proportion and degree—an incidental part of a large and comprehensive air policy.

For ourselves, we think that our anti-aircraft defenses at home ought at present to be a very small incident indeed. There is so much more need for aeroplanes and guns at the front than there is here that we grudge everyone of them—and the services of every man who is required to serve them—so far as they are a concession to fear. What are we to say, what are we to think, of the persons who spread the infection of fear with words which are not weighed or measured—in a frenzy of recklessness? These persons are doing something far worse than increase the alarm of those who are already timid. They are infecting those who would have been saved from conspicuous alarm by their own sense of decency and their own dignity. For many men and women who are inwardly alarmed scorn to show fear. Their self-respect holds them in hand. Moreover, they want to set an example. We know a mother who before she was married used to seek refuge in a cellar from lightning, but now will sit in a room with her children during a thunderstorm, and remark upon the grandeur of the spectacle. Such people control themselves because they think that they have no right to be visibly afraid. But now in these days of Zeppelins come writers and speakers who try to undermine that belief of self-respecting people that they have no right to be afraid. "You have every right," they are told. "There is no need at all to have these bombs dropped on your houses and your families. It is all the fault of a supine and half-witted Government. Bestir yourselves and demand protection and you will get it." The certain result of such arguments, if they continue, will be to unman many of those who would have been quite able to bear themselves bravely. The truth is that the tendency wildly to blame others when a catastrophe has occurred, and there is

the possibility of another, is one of the first and most familiar symptoms of panic. It should be recognized for what it is, and be condemned and repudiated wherever it appears.

The right appeal is to the nobility that is in English men and women, and not to the cravenness that lies very much deeper, but may be disastrously coaxed out by a false stimulation. Granted that the available men and material are employed to protect British homes as effectually as possible, there will still be a vast margin of insecurity. It is unavoidable. The range of Zeppelins continually increases, and if anti-aircraft guns were dotted all over the British Isles there would still be no certainty of safety. Appeals might go up for more protection from Shropshire and Midlothian and Lanarkshire, and no sooner would their appetite for guns have been satisfied than the next raiding Zeppelins would avoid them all and drop bombs on Sutherlandshire, Inverness-shire, and Dublin. We should have thought that men and women at home would have been proud to feel that by a stoical and quiet endurance they were rendering some fractional service to help on the war. In fact, we are sure that most men and women who cannot go to the front are tormented by the feeling that their lives are too easy because they cannot share the perils of the field. When Zeppelins hover over them they can say with pride: "At least I have not squealed for guns and aeroplanes to protect me." They exult in the sense that a calm popular bearing releases guns and aeroplanes to go where alone they can play their part in ending the

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war. They know that the more howling for protection there is in Britain, the more the Germans will consider frightfulness to be a success. They know that not a single gun or aeroplane kept here is doing anything directly or positively to end the war.

But all this they are invited not to believe. The awfulness of their situation is pointed out to them daily, so that they are tempted to feel like the woman defendant who, when she had heard her case stated by a very passionate and eloquent counsel, burst into tears, exclaiming: "I never knew before what a deeply wronged woman I am!" Even children are ready enough to whistle to keep up their spirits, but the spreaders of fear say: "No, we'll whistle you a different tune to keep them down!" After all, the good white corpuscles of the nation's blood will be strong enough to resist the infection. The time will come when the attempt to weaken resolution will be remembered only with contempt. The Zeppelins will pass away, and our Mrs. Gummidges, deprived at last of their "old 'un," will be ridiculous figures. Those who refuse to listen to the tales of woe will look back with satisfaction to the time when they refused to hinder the progress of the war. Or even if they should be among the unlucky few who may still be killed—well, death is no worse than death. They will have died in an "earnest pursuit." And those who die in that case "are like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolours of death."

POWER AND PEACE.

Power, because it is a thing definite and attainable, a thing to clasp and to hold, has ever been a goal of human

ambition. Happiness in all its phases may easily be treacherous and elusive; the joys of the mind may pall;

the pleasure of the senses may sting; and behind all hedonist activity lurks the infinite gloom of reaction. The pursuit of happiness often resembles the chase of a beautiful butterfly or the search for a precious flower. We attain the prize and lose it; the glory of the colored wing departs, and the petals fade and wither in the hand. But power is real and to be realized. It does not crumble in the grasp or sink away before satiety. Material power stands out in the modern world as it stood in the ancient, triumphant and tremendous; it can only be crushed by greater power. The power of one man can only be overcome by the power of another. Power in itself is omnipotent.

But Power, whose fascination has made history and unmade mighty nations, whose steady lure has tempted the most various types of men, is no simple concept, and is covered by no unique definition. Indeed, but a hasty glance suffices to show that men seek power for two utterly diverse reasons. Some seek it for itself alone, treasuring the mere ability to dominate and to mould the lives and fortunes of others as the greatest guerdon of life's struggle. These make power an end. Power for them is happiness, and happiness is power. But others seek it as a means, believing that with this weapon they may beat down other and noxious powers, and thus create a happier and more ordered universe. To themselves, they hold, it is given to know the good of others, and by their seizure and their tenure of power to translate that knowledge into reality. Doubtless, in many men the motives are mixed, and it is in no critic's power to discern things so delicately wrought as the web of human purpose. Who, for example, could decide whether Julius, when he wrested from his jostling rivals such immeasurable power and brought the peace of Cæsar to a war-weary

world, took up the sword from personal ambition or from an unselfish hatred of wild, disordered things? Mommsen may claim to know, but cannot prove his claim. Napoleon, too, and all the world's Men of Power make pleasant riddles for the student of history, and defy the seeker after certainty. So inviolable do the secrets of the soul remain. But, however much we may fail to define one individual's ambition, we can none the less state objectively the two driving forces that urge men to seek power. Some seek it as a toy and others as a weapon; some consume it in a fleeting extravagance of pleasure and others invest it in the capital fund of human welfare. Some play with it and gamble, while others teach with it and chastise. The difference between the two types of tenure is well borne out in the old distinction, so common to Greek thought, between Law, the ordered wisdom of the State, and Tyranny, the caprice of the individual. Power, in this light, may be strength fused with purpose or violence without an aim.

But it may be objected that here we are gravely limiting ourselves in our definition of power. If power is the ability to sway and to control others, there is no justice in confining ourselves to a discussion of material power. For it is obvious that a spark of spiritual energy may prevail where the furnaces of force have failed. Our justification lies in the fact that mankind does not yet admit the complete value and triumph of spiritual power. There are very few who maintain that forcible resistance to evil is always wrong, and that the only righteous weapon against material power is the spiritual. It is not our business to thread the mazy quarrel between the Church militant and the Church pacific. Accepting human thought and human ideals as they stand today, and realizing that the age of spiritual warfare has yet to

come, we have to ask ourselves as lovers of peace what are the dangers and the implications of material power.

In a world not yet fit for spiritual power, man fights force with force. But it is the assumption of the righteous combatant that he is using orderly strength against mad violence—that he wields power in the one sense to destroy it in the other. That is the assumption of the Allies in the present holocaust: it is also the assumption of many Germans. But in every country there are some honest folk who announce that force is good in itself, and still more dishonest folk who hide this ugly faith under a cloak of high professions. Here lies the danger. For however earnestly a man or a nation may have believed in the righteous use of power when arms were first taken up, the shock of battle and the sting of grief let loose the passions, and on these passions the lovers of force are at liberty to play. Ideals are swiftly snatched up and swept away by the whirlwind of war and, before the wielders of power are aware of it, law has yielded to caprice and polity to tyranny. The peace of Cæsar passes into the misery of Nero. The double personality of Power is revealed, and Dr. Jekyll succumbs to Mr. Hyde.

Yet this fact involves no general indictment of humanity. In Britain, at any rate, the appeals for volunteers were always made in the name of freedom and of justice. And those appeals were astonishingly met. But it is an unfortunate thing that a recourse to force makes democracy temporarily helpless, and hands over executive power to just those people who may believe that force and the harsh discipline of force are good in themselves. Thus, those who are using power with a high ideal may in any and every state become subject to those who glory in it as a toy.

Then the suppressed longings of the autocrat and the bully can find expression, and the war which began as an unwelcome cause of force-wielding for the many becomes a welcome cause of tyranny for the few. If ever the names of justice and of freedom were widely appealed to in the land of England, it was in the autumn of 1914. Yet 1916 sees the eclipse of Free Service, Free Speech, Free Trial, and Free Trade. War Office bureaucrats seize the opportunity of Conscription to harass in direct contempt of Parliament the unfit patriot, and not a few local dignitaries, puffed up with brief authority, jeer at the New Testament, and as Tribunes of the People show their patriotism at the expense of widows' sons. When a democracy appeals to force, however high its aim may be, it uses a sword that may be turned against itself. The noble mountain-mass of power has its pinnacle—and its precipice.

What is true of this democracy is true also of the Allied Powers. They have used that vast power of theirs, power of men and wealth and guns, to challenge a power demented, a ruthless debauchery of violence. For them Power is a means to Peace, and they believe that by crushing Prussia as Julius crushed the anarchic incompetence of the Roman Senate, order and tranquillity may be restored to a racked and writhing Europe. And if they achieve this aim of their profession, their responsibility is colossal, and the challenge of their destiny tremendous. Having resorted to such a use of power as the world has never known, they have to keep that power from abuse. Cæsar's peace was a peace of death; the peace of Wellington brought reaction in its train. The Roman world was given peace ("they made a desert, and they call it peace"), and after Waterloo Europe had peace—and England Peterloo.

And thus the question for all men of liberal mind is whether peace is yet again to be a disaster as well as a success, and whether conquered Tyranny is to lead Law its conqueror in chains. Power, because it is so real and so attainable, lures most men and most nations, and, having lured, intoxicates. Power, which is first symbolized by the sword of justice, may in the dark tumult of war be transformed into the dagger of the tyrant. But by no means of necessity. For if the will is free and man is master of his destiny, then no iron law constrains power to degenerate in the hands of its wielder. There is no danger for England or for the Allies
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if the peoples can purge themselves in peace of all who worship power for itself, and can rise triumphant from the temporary bondage that war enforces. The time may come—must surely come—when material power crumbles in petty weakness before the spiritual. But before the dawning of that noble day there must come a generation of men and of nations who can appeal to force, and yet live on unstained by violence, who know that only those are masters of power who can abrogate it. That is the challenge of peace with power. Once more the democracies go forward to their trial.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Good and well characterized letters constitute the greater part of Capt. Charles de Crespigny's "Where the Path Breaks," and the scenes are laid partly in Europe and partly on the Pacific coast. A vague suggestion of another glimpse of the hero and heroine on the Serbian battlefields closes the fully completed story, and it is dedicated "To the wonderful eyes never forgotten." The artfulness of this is as patent as it is clever, but the author needs no such devices. He attempts nothing beyond his powers, and he is seldom careless in his use of words. The deep insight shown in the passages describing the hero's endeavor to recover the memory lost during a long period of unconsciousness would make the book memorable had it no other fine qualities. It has less than three hundred pages, but it will not easily be forgotten. The Century Co.

In "The Blind Man's Eyes," Mr. William MacHarg and Mr. Edwin Balmer play with readers as a cat plays with mice, alternately holding them in the grip of certainty, and allowing

them to escape into the realm of conjecture, but at the very last moment showing them that not for an instant have they been anything but playthings. The first chapter "A Financier Dies," suggests that five years of evil practices lie behind it, and immediately a series of fierce contests begins, and endures to the very end of the romance. The motives vary, ranging from avarice to love, but all the characters are full of energy, and the blind hero and his "eyes" the central figure are especially active. The occasional introduction of persons and incidents borrowed from real life will be perceived by those acquainted with the world of business, but the plot is original and abounds in surprises. The conversational and descriptive passages are so nearly equal in excellence that one suspects that the two authors exchanged many criticisms. W. B. King gives the book four good pictures, one of which, the colored frontispiece, is repeated on the jacket. Little, Brown and Co.

The title of Maurice Drake's "The Ocean Sleuth" suggests a story of a

privateer or an aeroplane, but its hero is a journalist who pursues his prey over land and sea, and ends by almost repenting his activity although it gives him his heart's desire. Opening with newspaper office fun and a glimpse of a truly perfect snob, the narrative suddenly turns to a tragedy of shipwreck, with all imaginable horrors packed into a few minutes, and then begins the hunt for an embezzler whose victims cry to heaven for his blood, and last of all comes a pretty love story, and the sleuth is forevermore as gentle as the average bloodhound, which means as quiet as a good little Alderney. Mr. Drake blends his plot with fun and sentiment in proportions so judicious that one's attention is diverted from the great mystery, and remains in a continuous state of inquiring bewilderment even to the end of the very last scene in the chapter entitled "Explanations." The author's descriptive passages, dealing with many aspects of the ocean are happily phrased and indicate great improvement since he wrote "WO₂." E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Alexis Roche's "Jerry, the Jarvey" has a hero worthy of a place beside Darby the Beast, and his country, like Darby's is "Ireland all over," and his subjects of discourse range from the dreary poverty of the poor to the reckless expenditure of the hunting man, and the faults of the Irish servant. Jerry drives a car of which the motor has four legs, and with all his soul he despises those otherwise propelled. He is a close observer of his passengers and tells good stories of them with humorous zest and perfect enjoyment. His brogue is well indicated by the spelling and its syntax, with the single exception of an attack of the D. T.'s" which should be Day Tay's. Was not a certain well-known O'Connor, M. P. and editor, "known throughout Europe as 'Tay Pay'?"

The Irish turn of thought and the Irish views of morality, quite untinged by religion, are as well indicated as they have been by any Irish writer of the long array by whom the world has been touched and amused. Mr. Roche's great merit is that he never explains Jerry. You may see the very texture of his soul for yourself, and in it may see every virtue and foible of the Irishman. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Those about Trench," by Edwin Herbert Lewis, tells of a doctor and a group of his friends, men and women living on both sides of the world, and the story follows them from land to land, while the map of recent European history is spread before them, and explanations not to be found in dispatches are given them. It is all very credible while one reads, and very well planned, but the real story has a rival in the reader's enjoyment with its various English. The Chinese cook who announces pork chops, as "Souvenirs of the Stock Yards,—fourth to sixth lumbar inclusive" is equaled by Persian, Bengali, German and Russian phrase makers, and the ladies discourse in sesquipedalian scientific words not to be found in any but the latest encyclopædias. The younger men intend to be doctors, but their knowledge of many tongues does not include the English "shall" and "will," although English profanity comes trippingly from their lips. Some are assassins in their novitiate: some are harmless patriots, all are sentimental and among them they play a tragedy veined with comic speech, and ending in pathos. The book should not be given to very young girls, unless their mothers have reared them in advanced ideas, but it is a clever piece of work and at least three of its characters will linger long in the memory. Trench is worthy to be ranked with the best doctors of the new fiction. The Macmillan Co.